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NOTICE: Lord Hugh Cecil's sixth article is unavoidably postponed until next week.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Deep grief is silent: the nation has been deeply moved: let us therefore take our sorrow with restraint and reasonable reticence. All the circumstances of the Queen's death properly exclude every feeling but that of cheerful resignation. It is neither right nor natural to treat it as an occasion of regret, beyond the natural human regret that a great life must come to its earthly close. But "the necessary end," unless aggravated by painful environment, ought not to be treated as a disaster: and in the Queen's case, not a circumstance that can mitigate the pain of death was wanting; not a domestic touch. In the close of this life there was no sense of incompleteness. Perhaps, however, such a statement should be qualified in so far as the Queen did not live to see the end of the Boer war. War was a great trial to the Queen. She was persuaded of its necessity in this case, and the struggle between sentiment and duty, in which, as ever with her, duty prevailed, was necessarily a great strain on her physical strength. In that sense it may be said that the war accelerated the Queen's death, but that is a very different thing from the malignant suggestion that she died from a war cruelly forced upon her. It will be a fitting tribute to her memory to carry the war and the whole South African task right through to full completion. Thus her sacrifice of sentiment to duty will not be in vain.

It was rumoured at first that the Queen's funeral could not possibly be arranged within six weeks. It has, however, been fixed for Saturday, 2 February, at Windsor, the lying-in-state to be at Osborne. With all reverence be it said, the sooner this mournful ceremony is over the better, for a great many poor people will suffer considerably in the interval. It is well for instance that the theatres should be closed, say, till next Monday, and of course on the day of the funeral. But it should not be forgotten that closing involves loss to humble wage-earners. Still that does not explain why the music halls could not remain

closed as long as the theatres. The management of the Palace, the Alhambra, the Tivoli can afford to close at least as well as the managers of theatres. There must be greater difficulty in suspending the performance of the Drury Lane pantomime than of any music-hall ballet.

Nothing could have been more eloquently expressed or dictated by deeper and more genuine feeling than the King's speech to the Privy Council at St. James's Palace on Wednesday. Indeed, as many people know, His Majesty is one of the best public speakers in a country where oratory of that kind is cultivated to a high degree of excellence. The dignified announcement that "I have resolved to be known by the name of Edward, which has been borne by six of my ancestors" must have been a great relief to many, who feared an Albert, or worse still, an Albert Edward. King Edward carries us back to the Plantagenets and Tudors, and the King gracefully and piously observed that the name of Albert the Good should stand alone. We are still without official information as to whether the Duke of York is to be created Prince of Wales. At present his legal title appears to be Duke of Cornwall.

The most interesting testimony to the Queen's intellectual acumen is to be found in Lord Salisbury's speech in the House of Lords on the debate on the King's message on Friday, and the most felicitous tribute to her moral influence in the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury. "She left on my mind," said the Premier, "the conviction that it was always a dangerous matter to take any step of any great importance of which she was not thoroughly convinced." From Lord Salisbury that is an enormously significant testimony. "Thousands upon thousands," said the Archbishop, "are living better lives, simply because there has been such a Sovereign on the Throne." Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons spoke of the association of the personality of the Queen with the great events of her reign, the growing power of the Constitutional monarchy, and the continuous labour which the Queen's duties had exacted from her; and he expressed the confidence the nation felt that the great interests committed to the charge of the new King were safe in his keeping.

What is called "The Accession Council," at which the proclamation of a new Sovereign is signed, is obviously not a meeting of the Privy Council, because the words run thus: "We therefore the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of this realm, being here assisted with

these of Her late Majesty's Privy Council, with numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens of London, with one voice and consent of heart and tongue, publish and proclaim, &c." Besides the princes of the blood, the bishops, peers, privy councillors, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, there were "numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality" who signed the proclamation, such as the City Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the City Solicitor, and the City Remembrancer, and one or two judges. Whilst signatures were being attached to the document in the Throne Hall, it was announced that the King was coming, and all who were not Privy Councillors were requested to withdraw. The Lord Mayor may or may not be made a privy councillor: it is not a status that is appendant to his civic office, and the prefix "right honourable" is just as much a matter of courtesy as it is in the case of peers who are not privy councillors. The present chief magistrate had therefore to retire before His Majesty's entrance, which was certainly no slight on the City of London. We do not know, by the way, why the Chairman of the London County Council was not invited to sign the proclamation.

Our fortunate experience of so long a reign no doubt accounts for the belief of many people that the demise of the Crown would be followed as a matter of course by the automatic dissolution of Parliament. Yet it was in the reign of Anne that the innovation was introduced by which Parliament was made to continue for six months and no longer and then to be dissolved. It was by an Act passed thirty-four years ago, the Representation of the People Act 1867, that, after reciting the great inconvenience of limiting the duration of the Parliament in being at the demise of the Crown, it was enacted "that the Parliament in being at any future demise of the Crown should not be determined or dissolved by such demise, but should continue so long as it would have continued but for such demise, unless it should be sooner prorogued or dissolved by the Crown, nothing in the Act of Anne notwithstanding." As this Act is declared to apply only to England the question has arisen whether these words cover the Scotch and Irish members and it may be necessary to remove the doubt by an Act passed before the expiration of the six months fixed for dissolution by the Act of Anne.

All kinds of weird anticipations were indulged in as to the effect of the accession of a new Sovereign on the status of Queen's Counsel and others in the Courts. It was said amongst other things that the Patents of Her late Majesty's Counsel would expire and they would all be reduced to the rank of the "utter bar." The Royal Proclamation requiring all persons to proceed in the execution of their offices sets the matter at rest. Only one doubt could there be and that is whether the Counsel of the Crown are really office-holders under the Crown. But there is really no doubt at all. Till 1831 they received £40 a year stipend from the Crown and when a barrister took silk, if he was a member of Parliament, he had to give up his seat and offer himself for re-election. That was the reason why Patents of Precedence used to be made out; and even now if the yearly stipend were paid, a newly appointed Counsel of the Crown would have to vacate his seat for re-election.

War news during the past week has been unusually scanty. A conference has taken place between the Boer leaders, who apparently have agreed to continue the useless struggle, and are yet once again contemplating a movement into Natal. Meanwhile Lord Kitchener tells us that a mobile column under Colonel Colville was attacked on the 17th in the neighbourhood of Standerton, and that the attackers were driven off with considerable loss. From Ventersburg comes the news that the New Zealanders and Bushmen have attacked and routed some 800 Boers. There seems to be some doubt as to De Wet's whereabouts; but at any rate he appears to be cut off from the south. As regards the invasion of Cape Colony, it is said that the advanced guard of a Boer force is marching on Clanwilliam—150 miles north of Capetown—and that Colonel De Lisle's column has reached Picquetersburg, fifty miles southwards. The Boers unfortunately seem

still to be well supplied with ammunition, and the end of the struggle is no nearer than it was a week ago.

The South African Hospitals Commission has issued a report which may be characterised as a statement which makes many allowances for individuals and takes into account many of the difficulties which Mr. Burdett-Coutts in his zeal ignored. Only in the cases of Nos. 8 and 9 of the two military hospitals at Bloemfontein in May do there seem to have been defects in accommodation and supplies of a serious character and on a large scale, which the Commissioners cannot excuse on the ground of military exigencies and the difficulties of transport. In these cases the report of Mr. Burdett-Coutts hardly seems to have been exaggerated, and there was an admitted want of energy and organisation on the part of the principal officers which became disastrous in face of a more than ordinary emergency. The friction between the civil surgeons and the officers of the Royal Army Medical Corps and between the senior officers of the corps amongst themselves made matters worse. The most important part of the report is the suggestions for the reform of this corps and the recommendation that its constitution and organisation should be made the subject of inquiry when the war is ended.

Acceptance of the terms of the Powers never meant more to the Chinese negotiators than a step in the process by which the occupation of the Allies was to be brought to an end. The answer to the protocols assumes with characteristic suavity and blandness that nothing more remains to be done than fixing the date for the retirement of the troops, except to discuss matters as if the relations between the Governments were of the most normal kind. In regard to punishment they remark that everything has been done that Chinese law allows. The ministers are said to be drawing up a note to the effect that the envoys are overlooking the fact that it is a guarantee for the execution of the various demands which is necessary and not bare acceptance of the terms; therefore the troops cannot be removed while the situation remains what it is. A Reuter's telegram from Tien-tsin says a report is current there that unless the negotiations are satisfactorily concluded early in February, a strong international expedition will be organised to bring the Emperor and Prince Tuan back to Peking. This is a view at the opposite pole to that of the Chinese envoys.

The "Times" Peking correspondent states that the British Government, having first introduced specific stipulations as a condition of their consent to the handing over by Russia to Count von Waldersee of the Shan-hai-Kwan Tien-tsin Railway, have now withdrawn these stipulations and concurred in the Russo-German Convention in respect of it. The effect of this is that the Shan-hai-Kwan-Niu-Chang Railway remains free for an indefinite period in Russian hands for developing the movement from Manchuria towards Peking. Within the Wall Russia hampers the Powers as a member of the concert: without the Wall to the north she enjoys freedom of action. With this railway she gets the contents of the Shan-hai-Kwan workshops and the position of advantage at that place. She retains two-fifths of the rolling-stock: and for any claims she may have for her working of the Tien-tsin Railway she has a mortgage which will enable her to make them good, however unreasonable they may be. This railway will only be restored to the British authorities by Count von Waldersee saddled with these conditions and after it has been pillaged by Russia to stock her Trans Manchurian Railway. When it is handed over it will be crippled for years and British trade and British investors will feel the effects. The correspondent points out in contrast with this that France has effectively protected the Lu-han Railway and when it is completed, probably within five years, there will be continuous railway communication under Russian and French exclusive control from Manchuria to the Yang-tsze.

In the French Chamber the great debate on the Associations Bill has been continued during the week, with the exception of Wednesday when the Chamber

did not sit being adjourned until Thursday. Comte de Mun, one of the most brilliant orators of the Chamber, and M. Ribot presented the case of the Church against the Bill. Both speakers derided the statistics of the Government which place the amount of property of the unauthorised congregations at one thousand million francs and amongst others the point was taken that this estimate included the property of the authorised congregations. It was admitted that perhaps the real property amounted to some four hundred and thirty-five thousand francs, and it was denied that this mortmain property, insignificant beside the vast amount of secular property in mortmain, constituted the economic danger that the Government pretended. The exaggeration of the amount of the property was really a bait to deceive people into the belief that workmen's pensions could be paid, as was proposed by the Bill, out of the property of the congregations. In view of the charitable work done by the congregations, their missions and educational establishments abroad, which had often proved so favourable to the foreign policy of France, the Government could never carry out the policy of confiscation and the speakers asserted that they preferred the frank war against Catholicism of the extreme parties to the insidious measures of the Government.

But all these questions as to property are really only the outworks of the positions of both parties. The proposals are not directly for confiscation nor of suppression, but for such restrictions on teaching and such control of the activities of the congregations as shall enable the State to dominate the irregular clergy, mainly of course the Jesuits. Confiscation results from their refusal to submit themselves to any such control. This is a very old story, and the main lines of the contest are familiar to every intelligent person, whether the fight has been on the Continent or in England. In France M. Waldeck-Rousseau claims that what his Ministry is doing is only what Monarchy, Empire, and Republic have alike done. Whenever the supremacy of the State has been in danger from the spiritual power, the State has taken measures of precaution. He sets off the principle of the Revolution, its right to educate the citizens in its theory as against the teaching of the orders who, uncontrolled by the State, have made the propaganda against the Revolution the basis of all their actions. M. Ribot declares that this is a false issue; he is as much for the pre-eminence of the civil power as M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself. He sees in the Bill an encroachment on religious liberty and conscience and an intention to maim the spiritual power of the Church which, no longer supported by the State, has the right to rely on her own efforts. On the property question he quoted a remark of Prince Bismarck that he knew the fortune of the Jesuits was certain / not superior to half that of the Rothschilds. The Chamber decided by 298 votes to 226 that M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speech should be posted in all the communes.

It is almost inconceivable that the London County Council should have decided that in the whole of the new street from the Holborn to the Strand there shall be no house, hotel, or restaurant that shall possess a licence. This is the very intemperance of temperance, and the folly of it is evident. In the first place the magistrates might grant new licences and then the value would go into the pocket of some individual or company instead of to the ratepayers. If, for example, the twelve out of the thirty which the Improvements Committee reported should be kept were retained, they would be worth to the Council £120,000 in disposing of surplus land. Earl Grey had proposed to take the premises on behalf of the Public House Trust and pay all profits exceeding 5 per cent. to the Council. But no: with fanatical unreasonableness not only must the unnecessary licences be abolished, but all common sense disregarded which points plainly to the absurdity of leaving such an area without facilities for the ordinary amenities of life in days when it is becoming more than ever customary to dine at restaurants.

The West Islington Election Petition settles an important point of election law as to irregularities which

may occur in the polling. In short it may be put in this way. Where a mistake is made in good faith, without any corruption, it will not invalidate the election unless it might have substantially affected the result. The voter who obtains his ballot paper before eight o'clock is entitled to vote though he drops his paper in after eight. If he obtains it after eight, he is not entitled to vote. But if the number of votes thus given after eight, all being supposed given against the successful candidate, would leave him still with a majority, he will retain his seat. If the application of this principle resulted in a tie there would be a new election. Mr. Lough's actually declared majority was 19. Re-constituted as just explained, 14 votes given after eight o'clock being deducted, he remained with a majority of 5, and he retains his seat. It seems the most reasonable rule that can be devised; and lawyers will see in it an interesting application of the general rule now acted on as to new trials, which are not granted unless some substantial injustice has been done to the defeated party. The Pembroke petition resulted also in a dismissal; General Laurie, the Conservative member, retaining the seat.

On Wednesday at the Old Bailey Mr. Justice Wills sentenced Mr. Benjamin Greene Lake, solicitor, to two sentences of seven and five years' penal servitude, to run consecutively, for frauds upon certain of his clients. These frauds were of a kind to which we have become only too well accustomed in recent years, and they are alike an odium to solicitors and the terror of all who for the management of their affairs are dependent on the members of the lower branch of the legal profession. This particular case was of special importance, because the solicitor was a man who had held the highest honorary offices in the Incorporated Law Society, and who until comparatively recently was the chairman of its Discipline Committee. Speculation with clients' moneys paid into the firm's banking account, a mode of dealing which is extremely common but which no client should tolerate, has been the cause of many of the defalcations of solicitors as well as of those of the Lakes. Another solicitor, Arnold, was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude on Friday. The severity of the sentences is amply justified by the public danger which the trials reveal.

The Court of Appeal this week in reversing the decision of the Divisional Court in *Reg. v. Sowter* did a good turn to the Church. An archdeacon is in normal circumstances the official to whom it pertains to admit churchwardens. But when a Bishop holds a visitation, the rights of Mister Archdeacon are suspended and naturally therefore the Bishop must admit. All this seems clear. But, nevertheless, a Divisional Court recently issued a mandamus to compel an archdeacon whose powers were thus suspended to admit a would-be warden, and the reason given was that the churchwarden is substantially a temporal officer, which in any case is quite irrelevant. The Court of Appeal has very properly reversed the Divisional Court order. It remains however absurd that matters relating to churchwardens' elections can only be dealt with by the cumbrous process of mandamus—simply because some King's Bench judge in James I.'s reign was so ignorant or so unscrupulous as to deprive the archdeacon of rights, which he had enjoyed for centuries, of seeing that the parishioners selected fit representatives for the care of the church. We trust that some day either the House of Lords or a short Act will cut away this lawless usurpation by the judges of the King's Bench of other persons' functions.

The new century pastoral letter of the whole Bench of Bishops—the whole bench, and yet how incomplete, how maimed it looked without the great name of Mandell Creighton!—must surely have the desired effect on the few clergymen who yet resist the episcopal authority. We have never joined in the vulgar hue and cry, which, wholly unable to understand and appreciate the real position, represents men of model lives and high principle, as are many of the Ritualists, as everything that is abominable and contemptible. We are thus free to urge them for the sake of interests higher even than those for which they have believed themselves to be fighting to recognise the authority this episcopal

letter represents, and in a sober statesmanlike manner to accept what to them may be at best but the less of two evils. If they will not obey the Bench of Bishops, then, and then for the first time, there really will be a crisis in the Church. Moses and the prophets having failed, the angel from Heaven could not avert it.

Anyone who reads the speech of Mr. Burton, at Longton, to the China Manufacturers Association, and who knows that he is the chemist at a tile manufacturer's works, will suspect him of protesting too much. His prejudices are natural, and it is not surprising that he sees all the statistics in a rosy light, pooh-poohs the idea of leadless glazes, and ascribes much more than is due to the manufacturers themselves for the diminution that has taken place in the severer cases of lead-poisoning. That is to ignore a movement without which Mr. Burton would not have been able to make use of the improvements that have taken place as an argument against further restrictions. If Mr. Burton could have assured us that fritted lead and other precautions had in fact abolished plumbism with the earnestness with which he appealed to the manufacturers to exercise "eternal vigilance" in order that they might have the chance of so doing, then his jeers at the advocates of leadless glaze would have been more reasonable and in better taste.

The January number of the "United Service Journal" contains an extract from a letter of Mr. Long, who as Secretary for the Navy may be presumed to be in touch with American naval opinion, as to the value of a preliminary training for seamen in sailing ships. The department advocate the building of "two composite-built sailing ships, full-rigged, with auxiliary steam-power" as cruising vessels for training purposes, and add, that it is a "matter of importance to the efficiency of the personnel of the service." This is interesting when we consider the conflicting view held by prominent officers in our own service as to the value of the old yard and sail drill. In the same number of the journal may be found a sensible letter from Chatham recommending the establishment of a small training squadron on each naval station, the personnel of which would be immediately available to strengthen the crews of other vessels in case of emergency and to fill casualties with the least possible delay. But if this is ever to be done ships composing such a squadron must be steamers of fair average speed, otherwise they might be placed in the ridiculous position of H.M.S. "Cruiser" at the time when our relations with Russia were in a somewhat strained condition. The establishment of such squadrons would undoubtedly do much towards facilitating colonial enlistment.

The Stock Exchange was closed on Wednesday. The longer and more closely one watches the Stock Exchange the more incalculable do its movements appear. Most people thought that the death of the Queen would depress prices all round, but it had no effect whatever. The American Railway market is going through one of those "up-and-down" periods which generally precede either a heavy fall or a big rise. As money continues plentiful and traffic good in the United States, we must infer that we are on the eve of the second stage of the great boom. On last Saturday and Monday American Rails were very flat, the fall as compared with the last making-up prices being as much as 7 or 8 dollars in speculative stocks like Northern Pacific Commons and Erie Preference. On Tuesday and Wednesday there was a sharp recovery followed on Thursday and Friday by an equally sharp reaction. South African mines were better on Thursday, Paris having bought on the strange notion that King Edward would at once make peace with the Boers, but they fell back again, and are now steady and expectant of news from Lord Kitchener. Lake Views have fallen to 6½ on the report, which shows how absurdly the price of the shares has been inflated. The "Jungle" market is distinctly good, and is now clear of all the Whitaker-Wright troubles. A decidedly promising market for the present year is that of Home Rails, the dividends declared being quite up to expectations, and the worst known. Consols closed at 96½.

THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN.

A WEEK ago to-day the public learned for the first time that Queen Victoria was seriously unwell, though of course the initiated had long been preparing for the worst. Three days later, on Tuesday evening at half-past six, Her Majesty passed away, and on Wednesday morning our eyes were greeted with the strange announcement that "the King" was coming to London, and that both Houses of Parliament would meet that afternoon to take the oath of allegiance to the new Sovereign. On Thursday we were duly informed by proclamation of the Privy Council that "the High and Mighty Prince Albert Edward is now by the death of our late Sovereign of happy memory become our only lawful and rightful Liege Lord Edward the Seventh." It is the awful swiftness of these changes that touches the mind of the least imaginative, and eclipses the gaiety of nations. For what is called public mourning must inevitably be dashed with some affectation. The convention is sincere: the hypocrisy is unconscious, and arises from the familiar cause of applying the same words to different things. Of the hundreds of millions of human beings who are described as plunged in grief not one in a thousand has ever seen Queen Victoria, and not one in a million has ever been in the same room with her. The most poignant feeling excited by the death of one with whom we have lived long in affectionate intimacy is remorse for past unkindness or neglect. Such a sentiment can never be aroused by the demise of a great public personage, whether a sovereign, a statesman, or a soldier. Yet exactly the same language is used to express "an empire's lamentation" as would be employed to paint the bitterness of a private bereavement. Queen Victoria was as really beloved by the nation as any public character can be, certainly better than any British Sovereign that we can recall. We know a good deal about the life and qualities of our public characters in these days: but when all is said, they must always be for the vast majority mere abstractions, idealised, and used as pegs on which to hang those sentiments of loyalty and veneration, which are necessary to human nature. The emotion stirred by the Queen's demise is rather one of awe at the perception so familiar, yet always impressive, that "this fell sergeant, death, is strict in his arrest," and no respecter of persons. Otherwise, the quick and painless end, surrounded by children and grandchildren, was almost ideally happy. How much happier for instance than the end of George III.! There was also a dramatic propriety in the fact that the Queen just outlived by three weeks the century which was so peculiarly her own. Whatever the twentieth century and the reign of King Edward VII. may have in store, we may be sure that they will not be quite like the Victorian age, will probably differ much from it. Among the many things that have been said and written about the late Sovereign we do not think the subtle and strong influence of sex has been sufficiently noticed. Burke, in a celebrated passage, has exhibited the image of Marie Antoinette as an exciting cause of French chivalry. Before the image of Victoria the loudest demagogue was wont to stand abashed, and grey-headed counsellors and captains threw into their loyalty a tinge of gallantry. But it was upon her female subjects that the influence of the Queen was most potent and beneficial. There was not a woman in the empire, from the humblest working girl in a Lancashire mill to the Indian princess or the English duchess, who did not derive an accession of dignity from the fact that the ruler of these vast realms was also a woman. There was not a woman in whatever rank or walk of life who did not feel herself cheered, and strengthened, and elevated by the knowledge that the cares of State were divided between the ablest men in England and one woman. It was shortly after the accession of Victoria that the legislation began which rescued women from barbarous slavery in mines and factories, and has finally placed them in a position of respect and safety. We are much mistaken or the strongest title of Queen Victoria to the gratitude of posterity will be that she raised and protected the dignity of British womanhood.

Had the Queen died ten or even five years ago, the event might have had the gravest political consequences, not of course at home, but in Europe. As it is, we do not see how the Queen's demise can make any political difference. There is no doubt that the character and experience of the Queen had considerable influence over the earlier years of the two Sovereigns who hold the destinies of Europe in their hands, the German Emperor and the Tsar of Russia. It was only natural that these two young men, when they first assumed the responsibilities of absolute power, should have been guided to some extent by the wisdom and success of the greatest constitutional monarch the world has ever seen. It is equally natural that a few years' study in the school of reality should have taught the Kaiser and the Tsar ideas of their own about policy. As affairs now stand both in Europe and the Far East, we do not believe that the personal influence of the British Sovereign can count for very much. The issues at stake are too tremendous, the policy too complicated and far-reaching, to be decided by what Queen Victoria or King Edward might write or say to Kaiser or Tsar. This has been so for some years past, and therefore we think that the Queen's influence on foreign politics has been exaggerated, if not imaginary. There is, we are happy to believe, a valid working agreement between Great Britain and Germany. But its strength and permanence depend, not upon the affection of the Emperor William for his grandmother (though for that we shall always thank and honour him), but upon the common interests of the two countries. Not that we ignore sentiment in international relations; and we hope that the King, who has always been popular in Paris, may improve the feeling between this country and France. But in modern politics sentiment seems happily to count for less every day. That the Queen's death should make any difference in domestic politics is unthinkable. In this respect King Edward VII. will follow the example of his illustrious mother rather than that of his distinguished father. It was just because the Prince Consort was so clever, and was often better informed than Lord Palmerston, that his interference caused so much irritation. As Lord Palmerston died shortly after Prince Albert, the Queen had a good opportunity of inaugurating a new régime of strict non-interference. His present Majesty has too much tact to attempt to revive a practice, which after half a century's disuse might have awkward results. But there is another kind of influence which the King may have, and which is none the less powerful for being indirect. His Majesty has lived a good deal in the world of society, and he will maintain in due time a brilliant Court in London. The power of such a Court, headed by a Monarch still in the prime of life, and with a keen interest in everything, must be considerable, for good or evil. This power will be especially great in the appointments to places in the public service, particularly in the Army. If the King will set himself to discourage the jobbery and favouritism, that have of late years become only too notorious, and will advocate a little promotion by merit, if only as an experiment, he will indeed open a new era for the nation.

POOR WHITES AT THE CAPE.

IN the days when the diamond mines of Kimberley were worked under the old system of surface mining, falls of "reef," as the encasing rock exposed by the excavations was called, formed dangerous and expensive interruptions of the work of the diggers. These unwelcome accidents were, of course, duly reported by cable from the Cape, and it is said that on one occasion a London daily appended a note to one of these telegrams with the laudable intention of making known the real significance of the news. The matter was serious, the note explained, because these continued falls of reef threatened to obstruct the harbour of Cape Town. Now the effort of the imagination to which this story owes its birth is not altogether unjustified by facts: and even to-day, when the events of the last two years have burnt a knowledge of South Africa

into the brain of the nation, it is still doubtful whether all the messages that cross the water are properly appreciated by the average newspaper reader. Such a telegram as that which appeared a few days ago, informing us that apprehensions were entertained in the Cape Colony lest the "poor whites" should join the invading Boers, is a case in point. Probably more than one reader asked himself, when he read it, who and what these "poor whites" were, and why their poverty made them pro-Boers. As a matter of fact, the "bywoners," or *métayer* tenants, who form the most respectable section of the "poor whites" of South Africa, have constituted a considerable proportion of the Republican forces. So obscure a class has naturally attracted little attention hitherto, since Englishmen have hardly realised that in South Africa there is an almost exact repetition of the worst phenomenon of the southern half of the United States, a white population much of which is on a level with the negroes among whom it lives. Nevertheless there is such a population in the western districts of the Cape Colony. And the analogy is fairly close; for the "coloured man" of South Africa, except that he has a larger dash of European blood, is the counterpart of the American negro. He has, probably, a certain share of aboriginal Hottentot blood; but in the main he is descended from slaves imported, in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, from the same West Coast of Africa which furnished the black population of America, and the colour of his race was deepened and its progress retarded by the ill-considered settlement as "apprentices" at the Cape of many thousands of negroes rescued from slave-ships by the English fleet during the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Throughout two-thirds of the extent of the Cape Colony a Kaffir is as much a stranger as he would be in England; side by side there live the white and the coloured races, the latter having no language but the Dutch, and being Christian much as the American negroes are Christian.

In all that has to do with animals, the negro competition drives out the white labour. The coloured herdsman will live on ten shillings a month, together with a bag or two of maize and a sheep or a goat, of whichever his flock consists; though he ekes out his living by theft from his master and by using the gun, with which he is entrusted to keep down the jackals, upon the game of the veldt. It is as rare to find a white herdsman in a Dutch district as a white man in charge of horses. But the whites have almost a monopoly of agriculture. Wherever there is water there is irrigation, however rude; and the landowner who cannot till his land with the help of his own family calls in the bywoner. As far as settlement has extended, the landless white has followed the grantees of the great African farms. He gives nothing but his labour; he pitches a tent, or makes a shelter of old corrugated iron, or builds himself a "pondok" of mud, such as the negroes raise, on the land he is to cultivate, and receives half of the produce, for which the landowner has provided the instruments and the seed. In a good year he does well; one bywoner, in a remote and mountainous part of the Prince Albert district, last year had £100 as his half share of the crop he had raised. When times are bad, he, like everyone else in South Africa, runs into debt.

It would be well if all the poor whites were as useful as the bywoners. But, unhappily for themselves, many of them are owners of fragments of land. The Roman-Dutch law allows a settlement of estates which is perhaps the most stringent in the world. There are many instances where a settler, perhaps a pioneer of the last century, has confined the succession to his land to his descendants, who may sell to one another but not to aliens. Naturally enough, it has been difficult in such cases to find a purchaser; and there are many isolated settlements formed round a spring, in which all the inhabitants are cousins, and the worst results of the intermarriage of relations are manifest. The watered land is insufficient to provide its owners, grown in some cases to two or three hundred persons, with a livelihood. In one instance fifteen children are the joint possessors of a portion of a farm, itself undivided, which is worth about £200. The cost of

surveying the whole farm, which consists of a patch of irrigated land and an almost worthless expanse of surrounding karroo, would swallow up the greater part of the value of their patrimony, and obviously land of the value of £200 cannot well be divided into fifteenths. But on it they are living, and will live, in idleness and ignorance, the men doing a certain amount of casual labour, but the girls too proud, even if their habits rendered them fit for it, to go into domestic service. Their standard of truthfulness is that of Southern Ireland or Southern Italy, and one of their resources is theft—a weakness of which they usually accuse the neighbouring negroes. Of violence, however, they are guiltless; South Africa is, in spite of its loneliness, a singularly safe country to live in. If we desire to learn the truth about these people we must win the heart of one of the better class of Dutch ministers. Of such they are the despair. A short time ago an attempt was made at Prince Albert by Mr. Adrian Hofmeyr, then the minister of that place, to reclaim some of them by accustoming them to regular work. After a few days they all absconded. The Cape Government is making strenuous attempts, with small resources, to spread education among them; but there are several districts, in which well-worked missions of the Berlin Society are established, where it would be easier to find a white than a black who could not read and write. For membership in the Dutch Church, which is socially indispensable, it is necessary that the candidate should show that he can read his Bible. But he, or she, need not be “received” till the eve of marriage. Then it is necessary, for the church doors are closed on all but members; and none dare to face the ignominy of a civil rite. The difficulty would be insuperable but for the considerateness of the examining elders. The full-grown candidate learns a few verses by heart, and he is then ordered to “read” these in the same succession in which they have been committed to memory. So, at least, it is currently believed.

Many of these poor whites have been attracted to the Transvaal, where money has been liberally expended by the Government for the purpose of creating a fighting population. But they form an appreciable element of the European population of the Cape Colony. They sympathise with the nationalist aspirations of the Dutch, with whom alone they are connected by the limited social and religious ties that unite them to the better elements of the European community. In case of defeat they have nothing to lose, and, thanks to British clemency, very little to fear. But they do not think of defeat, for they are ignorant enough to accept the presence of the Boer commandos in the colony as a proof that General Buller is a prisoner at Pretoria, that the Russians have invaded India, and to believe all the other grotesque fabrications by which the courage of the burghers is maintained. They have, therefore, ample temptation to join the guerillas; and the apprehensions of the British colonists are by no means unreasonable, although we trust that the energetic action of the Cape Government will prevent them from being realised.

VENEZUELA AND HER PROTECTOR.

NO European State (and England least of all) can afford for long to divert its gaze from the Western continents. Not even a South American Republic is a negligible quantity in world politics and for the moment Nicaragua gives place to Venezuela as the point of interest. It is barely five years ago since President Cleveland launched the Message which staggered mankind by the prospect of war between England and the United States on account of a dispute, the grounds of which were but dimly apprehended by half a dozen experts. After receiving this gross provocation to mutual slaughter with “Britannic phlegm” our Government had the rare satisfaction of seeing fulfilled in our case the Beatitude which attributes to the meek the earth’s inheritance, for the arbitrators gave us in the end, at the expense of Venezuela, more than we had claimed before Mr. Cleveland took its affairs in hand. Since then Venezuelan politics have ceased to

charm, but to-day they involve the great Republic again, though with a change of rôle.

The present dispute is by no means one the true merits of which it is at all easy to fathom nor indeed is it necessary to do so. Its real interest lies in the considerations to which the situation gives rise. Even in the United States the precise rights and wrongs of the contending parties are by no means understood outside the State Department. The quarrel arises from the determination of President Castro and his Government to transfer from one asphalt company to another certain concessions involving the possession of two or more bituminous lakes in Venezuela. The original concessionaires were an American company who have invoked the assistance of the United States. According to his declaration, made three weeks ago, President McKinley put forward no claim to reinstate those gentlemen in their original position, he only demanded that the whole matter should be submitted to judicial investigation, to which President Castro replies that he admits no right of the United States to interfere with Venezuelan affairs and that his Government will arrange things as it sees fit. Which attitude, if it be maintained, it will require several ships-of-war to modify. Recently we gather that these bituminous lakes have become the scene of warlike operations on a small scale. The workmen of the original asphalt trust threw up some rude earth-works near the lakes and assumed the defensive and the Venezuelan Government announced its intention of crushing the “rebellion,” but no overt hostilities seem to have ensued. Meanwhile the attorney to the Trust, one Mr. Bean, has been convoyed home in a man-of-war with some precious documents which he has submitted to the State Department. There is naturally some mystification about the whole affair at Washington, for nobody has seen any of the actual dispatches nor can anyone ascertain who gave the order that a national warship should be employed to convey Mr. Bean to his native shores.

So much for the matter in question which seems trivial enough, but it assumes considerable importance when looked at from the international standpoint. The audacious attempt to extend the original Monroe doctrine, by which the United States endeavoured to constitute themselves active parties on behalf of every American Republic in its contests with European Powers, instead of repeating their comparatively modest claim to hold a watching brief, has now received a rude check from the latest of their protégés. As we have pointed out before, there is no affection at all for the United States entertained among the Spanish races of the American continents. Even Texas is yet but an ill-assimilated morsel. Recent events are not calculated to soften this feeling. There must have been something particularly offensive to Nicaragua in the calm assumption by the Senate that her territory can be exploited for purely American purposes and that at the nod of that body all her treaties with European Powers may be calmly abrogated as if they were not. The rawness of American diplomacy unfortunately intensifies the general sentiment of the world that the Anglo-Saxon is calmly insolent as well as grasping. “A poor thing” says the Washington Touchstone “but mine own.” This never was the attitude to win a Latin race. As a matter of fact the South and Central American Republics dread their would-be protectors a great deal more than hypothetical aggressors who live across the Atlantic. The Venezuelans may be a race without gratitude and in every way unworthy of the disinterested friendship of their powerful neighbours but no man with a sense of the ludicrous can fail to be touched by the humour of the situation. We may go further and say that a really great diplomatist might find here a situation in which to exercise his talents to advantage. The mere infliction of a check in return for an insult when unaccompanied by profit would only satisfy the personal feelings of statesmen, but if this country, with the assent of Germany and perhaps France, were to encourage President Castro to stand firm it would leave the United States Government in a position of ridiculous helplessness. It would also administer a condign rebuff which they have richly deserved. These reasons are hardly adequate for

a diplomatic move of this nature, but it is by no means certain that political considerations might not justify some such move in the future. British Guiana no less than the independent States of Central America may some day have to dread the aggressions of the United States.

As the SATURDAY REVIEW has before this pointed out, the two gravest political problems awaiting the new century are the future of China and the future of South America. The United States, or rather the more far-seeing section of their ambitious politicians, have already formulated as their creed South America for the North Americans. Such a claim will be undoubtedly met by a negative on the part of one or more European Powers and the day will come when this country will have definitely to make up her mind as to what solution she wishes to promote. We are well aware that very long views are alien to the methods of our Foreign Office, but the Kaiser has very long views and the Russian Foreign Office also, and we have seen the advantage of them to our recurring discomfiture. We are a Central American Power and we might do worse than consider what profit might be drawn from an attitude of friendly communications in foreign affairs with the Central American States which are already associated with us in such matters by more or less binding arrangements. We should find that the protecting hand of the United States was regarded with more apprehension than affection. We might do thereby something to redeem our ineptitudes in the Spanish-American war. At present the sentiments of Venezuela towards her would-be protectors are those of the English lady who was taken captive by the "King of the Mountains," as depicted by Edmond About. When she saw the police of the Greek Government who came to rescue her she implored the robber chieftain to "give her some brigands to protect her from the gendarmes." The Central American Republics may ere long be asking the European "aggressor" to take their part against the oppressive attentions of their would-be champions. Should such a situation arise, it is by no means certain that wise statesmanship will dictate a refusal.

AT LAST JUSTICE FOR SOLICITORS.

CONVICTIONS of solicitors for dishonesty, and punishments, less than those awarded by the criminal law, but carrying the stigma of professional and moral disgrace, have been so common in recent years that the trial, conviction, and sentence to penal servitude of Benjamin Greene Lake might have passed almost unnoticed in the crowd, if his had not been a very special case. He was no poor pettifogging solicitor with shady clients, tempted to eke out his meagre Bills of Costs by pilfering any small sums which happened to come into his hands through the chance result of some casual and speculative action. When distrust of the profession has forced itself into the minds of the lay public, solicitors have been used to wrap themselves in the mantle of a pharisaical respectability, and proclaim with much flourishing of trumpets that they and such models of professional respectability and righteousness as the firm of Lake and Lake were the true types of solicitors, and not such publicans and sinners as passed the bar of the Discipline Committee of the Incorporated Law Society and were ultimately struck off the Rolls. But there have been so many instances of late showing that the virus of untrustworthiness and dishonesty has spread widely and epidemically in their ranks, that they can no longer quiet their own consciences nor allay the fears of the public by continued assertion of such smooth things. With the bankruptcy of many important firms throughout the country, with the conviction and sentence of Benjamin Greene Lake before their eyes, and now that of Arnold who has been sentenced for similar offences to ten years' penal servitude, that is a fiction which can no longer be kept up. When solicitors of all degrees of standing in the profession have been making shipwreck of their reputation, and the list of casualties is at length crowned by the collapse of a firm like Lake and Lake whose chief partner was the Benjamin Greene Lake who passed within

a few years from the presidency of the Incorporated Law Society and the Discipline Committee to the dock of the Old Bailey and thence into penal servitude for twelve years, it is time for them and the public to ask themselves whether solicitors have not been thinking a great deal too much of themselves, and whether the public has not been thinking a great deal too much of solicitors. Humility, and an earnest desire to set their professional house in order on the one hand, and a wholesome prudence, distrust and suspicion on the other, seem decidedly like the proper attitude of the two parties.

We have on previous occasions, speaking of what we may call the corporate powers of the profession, expressed the opinion that it is not desirable that these powers should be extended, but that the necessary restraints on its members should be imposed from without rather than from within. The moral is obviously pointed with emphasis by Benjamin Greene Lake's case. If control is not to be resumed by the great officers of the Court of which the solicitors are inferior officers—the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Master of the Rolls who share vague powers amongst themselves which would be better for being concentrated into the hands of one of them—at least the Discipline Committee should no longer consist of solicitors alone, and the Chairman should be a representative of the Court and not a solicitor who may have thousands of pounds of clients' moneys in his hands which he may be daily manipulating in the fashion of Benjamin Greene Lake. This should be sufficiently obvious to solicitors themselves if they wish to avoid the suspicion which otherwise will always be attached to their discipline proceedings: and it should be obvious to those who will be forced to introduce legislation controlling solicitors, as they have introduced it in the case of companies and money-lenders. The solicitors who are financiers and speculators primarily and only secondarily lawyers, are now far more "pests and enemies" to society, to use a phrase of Benjamin Greene Lake before it was found that his unimpeachable sentiments were accompanied by very impeachable practices, than the old-fashioned "speculative" solicitor, in the technical sense, whom it is the habit of his brethren to decry chiefly because he is usually an obscure member of their profession. Their temptation and their opportunity arise from the fact that clients are either too indolent or too ignorant to exercise the most ordinary supervision over their own affairs. Moneys are put in the hands of solicitors, often left with them as sole trustees or executors: these moneys find their way into the private accounts of the solicitors: and in the end there is a Lake case.

The counsel for the defence in that case asserted that the practice of mixing up clients' money with the solicitor's was an invariable practice. The judge more moderately put it as a general practice. Why have solicitors waited so long until the frauds of speculating solicitors using their clients' money have been proclaimed from the dock of the Old Bailey? Could they not have done something else than elect members of firms known to be carrying on dangerous speculations to the places of honour in the Law Society? And it would not have been impossible, we should think, either to have created a professional opinion which would have made the practice of mixing accounts disreputable, or even to make it a sufficient reason for striking a solicitor from the Rolls. They have been so complacently absorbed in the consciousness of their own virtues that they have brought the profession into such a condition that they must not complain if they have to be legislated for like those pests of society, the rotten company-promoter and the usurious money-lender. They have by their position special facilities for cheating a lazy, ignorant and gullible public, which has this excuse only for its improvidence, that the tradition of the "noble profession" has misled them to their ruin. Many solicitors have been taking a more than fair advantage of this position, and the evil has come to be something more than the lapses of individuals. In circumstances like these the morale of a whole profession comes under suspicion, and solicitors are bound in their

own interests, as well as in those of their frightened clients, partly by stricter professional ethics, partly by re-organisation of their governing body, but still more by welcoming further restrictive legislation—a solicitor for example ought not to be allowed to be a sole trustee—to help in removing the terror which disclosures like the Lake case have inspired. For we all remember that we can no more escape from the solicitor ultimately than we can escape the undertaker.

IRISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

II.—THE GREAT NORTHERN.

THE main line of the Great Northern runs for a distance of 113 miles and connects Dublin with Belfast. Each town with its suburbs contains some 300,000 inhabitants and is about four times as large as Cork, the next largest place in Ireland. As in both Dublin and Belfast business is greater than their population would suggest, this section of the Great Northern may claim to be the most important length of line in the country. The company is the product of a large number of amalgamations, and even the main line itself was not constructed as a single undertaking. The first part made was the portion between Belfast and Portadown. This belonged to the Ulster Company and was opened throughout in 1842, the first few miles out of Belfast having been in use for some time previously. Meanwhile a small company had been incorporated to build a line thirty-two miles long from Dublin to Drogheda, a task which it only accomplished after eight years' work. In 1845 the Dublin and Belfast Junction Company was formed to connect Drogheda and Portadown, and it was not until the opening of this in the middle of 1852 that communication from end to end was established. The result of all this disjointed enterprise was that on a short journey of 113 miles the through service was under the control of three separate administrations, and this unsatisfactory arrangement continued until 1875, when the first of the series of amalgamations out of which the present company has grown took place. The Dublin and Drogheda then united with the Dublin and Belfast Junction to form the Northern of Ireland. At the beginning of the next year the combination was joined by the Irish North-Western, and a few months later the Ulster Railway also was taken in; and on 1 April, 1876, the fused company adopted its present title. Various smaller concerns have since been absorbed, including the Portadown and Omagh and the Enniskillen Bundoran and Sligo, and the Great Northern is now established not only all along the east coast from Dublin to Belfast but also at Londonderry in the north and in the far west at Bundoran on the Atlantic. The old Ulster Railway deserves a passing word of mention. The first section of it from Belfast to Lisburn was opened as long ago as 1839 when the only other line in the country was that covering the six miles between Dublin and Kingstown. The Irish have always shown a wise liberality in their ideas as to what a suitable gauge for their railways and the Ulster line was originally laid out on a very large scale with a space between the rails only ten inches less than that adopted by Brunel on the Great Western. The traffic however was far from requiring any such accommodation and in 1849 the company felt compelled to abandon the great width of track with which they had started and to bring their line into conformity with the others which were springing up all over the country. Since that date the Irish railways have used for main line work the uniform gauge of 5 ft. 3 in.

The two Great Northern branches which strike off to the north-west from Dundalk and Portadown considerably exceed the main line in length, the distance from Dublin to Londonderry via Portadown being 162 miles and that via the Enniskillen loop some thirteen miles more, while from Dublin to Bundoran direct is farther than from London to Doncaster. Via Portadown the company also gives an alternative road between Belfast and Londonderry only a very little longer than the Belfast and Northern Counties. In this case the difference in mileage is so small that neither com-

pany can show a decided advantage but of course from places south of the Belfast district the Great Northern route to Londonderry is by far the best. In many of its branch services the company is unable to rise above a mediocre level owing to the fact that much of its track is still only single line, so that the actual running of the trains is better than it appears on paper. The Great Northern is very closely in touch with the other side of the Channel. Belfast itself besides being the terminus of the Stranraer route is in constant communication with Liverpool, Fleetwood, Barrow, Ardrossan, and Greenock; at Dublin there are the Kingstown and the North Wall boats; and at Dundalk, midway between Dublin and Belfast, connexion is made with the remaining Holyhead service, that worked by the North-Western boats to Greenore. It is worth noting that the Great Northern has nothing to do with the line between Greenore and Dundalk. This branch is operated entirely by the London and North-Western which supplies for the purpose engines and carriages of its ordinary standard patterns adapted of course to the Irish wider gauge; the English company thus occupying a position analogous to that of the French P.L.M. in Algeria.

The service provided by the Great Northern on its main line having regard to its local importance and its outside connexions is somewhat disappointing. Such as it is however it can show a record of continuous, if slow, progress, for the Irish railway managers have fortunately not yet adopted the view so largely held at present by their English colleagues that the only way to improve an express train is to make it slower. Taking up the old time-tables at random we see that fifteen years ago, the Limited Mail, the best train between Dublin and Belfast, required three hours for the 113 miles in each direction, and no other train took less than four hours on the road. In connexion with the Limited Mail of that period there is the following curious note in the time-table: "Not more than 1 cwt. of luggage allowed to each passenger unless there be room in the train," which makes an English traveller harassed by recent regulations at home feel that the accommodation cannot have been so very "limited" after all. In 1895 the mail had been quickened by a quarter of an hour and the timing of the best other trains had come down to three hours and twenty minutes and three hours and three quarters on the down and up journeys respectively. Three years ago breakfast and dining cars had made their appearance and while the speed of the mail remained unchanged the timing of the other trains had been reduced to three and a quarter hours in each direction. To-day the general level of the service is slightly better, but the mail is no quicker than before and still keeps up the old exclusion of third-class passengers in spite of the fact that they are now carried between Euston and Holyhead.

Between Dublin and Londonderry the trains are very much better than they were. Fifteen years ago the mail took five hours on the journey from Dublin and arrived in the afternoon some time after the return mail had started for the south; and the other through services were wretchedly slow. By 1895 a great improvement had been effected; the mail starting earlier from Dublin and taking an hour and a quarter less on the way arrived in Londonderry early enough to allow an interval of more than three hours before the corresponding train came away. Two years later the mail had been further accelerated and sleeping cars had been added to the night trains; and to-day, while there is an interval of over four and a half hours in which correspondence can be dealt with between the arrival and departure of the mails, by the best other train Londonderry can be reached from Dublin in four hours and fifty-five minutes instead of the five hours and a half in 1895 and the six hours and fifty-five minutes fifteen years ago. By means of the junction at Portadown the Belfast passengers get the benefit of all improvements in the Dublin and Londonderry service, and since the new boats were put on between Holyhead and Greenore travellers by that route reach Londonderry at the same time as those going via Kingstown. In common with the other Irish lines the Great Northern has recognised the value of tourist traffic.

One of the drawbacks to travel in the country has been the lack of hotel accommodation and the Company has met this difficulty by building hotels of its own on both the east and west coasts. Further to encourage the tourist an arrangement has been made that two or more persons travelling together, not necessarily members of the same family, can obtain tickets at a reduced rate.

The modern coaching stock of the Great Northern is good. Through carriages are run from Kingstown pier to Belfast and vice versa; and the addition of dining and breakfast cars to the trains has been a great convenience. Sleeping carriages are run on the only journey whose length is sufficient to justify their use. The locomotives employed on the best trains are the most powerful in Ireland and are identical in their principal dimensions with the new engines of the London and South-Western. For some miles north of Dundalk the main line is rather heavy but with such engines as these the Great Northern have a margin in hand and should be able to improve their services considerably if required.

* * The next article in this series will be on the Midland Great Western.

OF LOYALTY.

"Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
Her many griefs for One; for she had poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris."

PERHAPS a sovereign could wish for no higher praise, could win no nobler epitaph, than the first of these lines of Byron on the young Princess Charlotte, cut off on the threshold of life and of motherhood. These are lines that should make some of our funeral panegyrists of this day hide their heads in shame and might teach the scholars and poets who can see nothing in Byron, for strangely enough there are such, to review their own revision of English poets. Different indeed is the passing of Victoria from the cruel death of that hapless princess, just shown to life, a flash of existence, just long enough to signal what might have been, then suddenly darkness again, unbroken, unending. It might seem impossible to find a point where the two deaths meet. Brief abortive existence, a promise of May indeed, but a broken promise, barren, unfulfilled; there is the one picture. The old Bible phrase gives the other. She died full of years and honour. And so Victoria slept with her fathers, and Edward her son reigned in her stead. It is difficult to conceive a more finished picture, a more full perfect, and completed story than that of Queen Victoria. An heir to succeed her; an heir to succeed him; all the national hopes of her youth harvested; the seeds of empire already bearing fruit; everything that she herself could do, done. Truly the Queen fulfilled the ideal which old Cato had in mind, when he bids us to avoid the ways of the "bad poet," who becomes careless and impatient as he gets on and slurs over his last canto. A finished work is the true description of Victoria's life. One can hardly get away from it.

And yet Byron's line does discover a meeting point in the deaths of the princess and the queen. Both by extrinsic dignity were entitled to respect, both by their national position had an indefeasible claim to loyalty, both in death won a nation's tribute to themselves, as though they had not been royal. Spontaneous grief leaves no thought for satisfying claims. It is literally true on this day that those who love not kings are mourning Victoria; probably many are, who actively hate monarchy; thousands are who with no anti-kingly convictions would yield nothing to a monarch they would not to a man; and tens of thousands, who know nothing of institutions and forms of government, but much of a person. There was something extraordinary in the sudden change to black that came over the face of London on Wednesday morning. It was almost as though in the night it had snowed black on men, women, and children alike. And this was no machine-made, state-directed transformation. There was not

time for such. So much so, that it was surprising that everyone could even get his black so quickly. The rich and the moderately rich, of course, would have it by them; not so the others. The flower-girls by S. Mary-le-Strand would have but one "best hat" and very certainly that would not be black; the boys crying the halfpenny papers had their black, too; and they have not much margin for spare ties.

Of course, fashion does come into the matter; of course, many wear mourning only because others do or from thinking others will; and some because they think the observance carries with it a certain distinction for themselves. But, without blinking these truths, which would be a very weak thing to do, it is impossible not to see in this quiet demonstration a vast amount of honest, deep feeling. It is affection for a noble woman.

There is a difference between such sympathy and loyalty. Loyalty and affection may indeed, and in this case do, coincide; but they are not the same thing. Nor is the chivalrous enthusiasm for a young girl called to the tremendous burden of Queenship, an enthusiasm whose aftermath has coloured all Victoria's reign, the same thing as loyalty. One is of grace, the other is of duty. Loyalty springs from and carries with it obligation. A king has a strict right to loyalty: he has not the same right to personal affection. The very use of the word in other connexions unconsciously points to this. We do not use the word except of the relation between two persons, one of whom has some claim on the other, and it is generally a claim rising out of some office. A secretary may be disloyal to his chief; a minister to the Premier; or to the Cabinet, or the Government. A curate may be disloyal to his vicar, or a rector to his bishop. A captain may be disloyal to his colonel; a colonel to his general. In a slightly borrowed sense, any man may with great ease be disloyal to his professions, or to his principles. In the highest region of all, a Christian may be disloyal to Christ.

Abstracting from the last, a supreme relationship standing by itself, absolutely apart, not comparable to anything else; in all these instances, there might be affection without loyalty, there might be loyalty without affection. Many a man has personally been deeply attached to his chief but yet publicly has given him away. Many another has fulfilled to the extreme suggestion of scruple his whole duty to his master, but at the same time cordially hated him. The truth is that loyalty does not arise out of the relation of brotherhood at all; it arises out of the relation of an inferior to a superior. It is the response of the inferior to the claim on him of a superior as such. And since the claim, which towered above all others in the middle ages, was that of the king on his people, that claim and the response came to be supremely identified with loyalty. It is a modern conception, perhaps largely the outcome of the feudal organisation of life. Neither Greeks nor Romans knew the idea. They had a full sense of the claims of law, of the duty of obedience; but in this claim there was no personal element, which instinctively one feels to be necessary to loyalty. The nearest to it was the early Roman conception of the relation of child to parent. That between citizen and Roman emperor was not loyalty. It might be fear, it might be self-interest, it might be love, it might be admiration; usually it was a combination of two or more of these. But we do not find in imperial Roman literature any conception of loyalty such as we have in Shakespeare.

Naturally so peculiar and complex an idea, which had become bred in the European almost as an instinct, gave rise in later days to much casuistry. It was the old story: people began to think; they wanted to know why: they found a fact, of which they demanded an explanation that should take no account of the fact's history. Hence mistakes, recrimination, impossible theories on either side. Why should you be loyal to a bad man because he has unparalleled opportunities of giving effect to his wickedness? A king is but a man and must be criticised as, or even more severely than, any other man. If he does not satisfy criticism he has no right to loyalty. Soon it is discovered that it would be positively wrong to be loyal to him. Every man is as good as the king,

and is entitled to judge for himself on the king's claim, and to act accordingly. On the other side, to give a rational or at any rate a convincing ground for loyalty, the king was made the Vicar of God. Divine Right was pressed with passive obedience as its complement. Both sides felt the inconvenience of their position. Even the triumphant Cromwell knew that sheer loyalty to the King was a great fact and that some way or another it was connected with conscience. He realised, too, before he died, that it was a valuable element in national life; and wished to enlist it on his own side by substituting a change of dynasty for a change of constitution, with himself as king. On the other side, facts made the theory of Divine Right so awkward to vindicate that automatically it disappeared.

Happily we in England have for so long been free from any practical need to meet the problem how to square duty to the sovereign with dislike or condemnation of the person, that for us all such points of casuistry have but the academic interest of curious and ancient speculation. Long may their interest remain academic!

IMPRESSIONISTS IN LONDON.

THE Hanover Gallery is making another attempt upon London with the French impressionists. London has been slow to bite during these thirty years; Monet is more familiar in American backwood towns than here, where we are still digesting cautiously a previous school down to the third and fourth generation of its Dutch imitators. The first exhibition here of the impressionists was Durand-Ruel's in 1882. Manet, as well as Monet, Degas, Renoir and others of the second period, was represented in that, but apparently with little success. Manet, indeed, has never yet been properly seen or accepted here; but it must be remembered that in his own country he was excluded from the universal exhibitions till 1889, six years after his death. Monet has made some little way. He had an exhibition some ten years ago, and has been seen at the British Artists, New English Art Club, and International Exhibitions. A sharp decisive engagement was fought over Degas in 1892, just when his production was becoming rare. The impressionists of the third period, the *Pointillistes*, have never, I think, been seen at all, though their reported methods have played a large part in discussion.

The present exhibition deserves a visit though it is not altogether well judged. The impressionists are all of the second period, with certain of their followers; that is to say, there are no Manets, and no *Pointillistes*. The first are no longer easy to get, outside of M. Durand-Ruel's; the absence of the second is not to be regretted, except from a speculative, semi-scientific point of view. What is to be regretted is that a certain superstition of comradeship still directs such accumulations of pictures, and chokes the good things with indifferent. There are three or four excellent Monets, but their effect is weakened by casual productions of the same painter, by a number of second-rate Pissarros and Sisleys, rubbishy Renoirs, and schoolwork of Maufray, Loiseau, d'Espagnat and so forth. Degas is not represented, only his tiresome follower Zandomenighi.

The time has surely come when discrimination may be expected in dealing with the group. We discriminate now among the "Preraphaelites;" Rossetti and Holman Hunt are seen to be poles apart in their nature, though agreed, at starting, upon certain procedures. Degas and Renoir differ also, if not so sharply, in their attitude to life, and Renoir differs from Monet in having a taste rather than a gift. Degas stands quite apart in the group by the fact that he is first and foremost a designer. Monet is not a designer, but he has a special gift of colour-vision. Renoir embarked on a programme which required this gift, and his feverish pursuit of the programme with a defective gift has rendered him impotent. What he was originally might be seen in the portrait in the last International Exhibition, a careful quiet-tinted painting with great charm of expression. Excited by the new ideas of 1871, ideas in which Monet's open-air method, Turner's sunsets, Preraphaelite colour

and naïveté all had their share, he flamed up and flickered in work that had a precarious charm of colour and expression, but the pace was too great, the path too unsure, and the final result is what we get in this collection, daubs without drawing or colour, messes of deplorable strawberry red, harsh blue and yellow. The attitude of his comrades, I think, has duped the world; Renoir had for them something "English," a translation of the early Millais; eloquent critics of the "advance guard" have extolled him, and the kind of critics who reject a whole school up to a certain date and then accept them all, have swallowed Renoir with the rest. It would be possible to pick out from his transition work pictures that would explain his reputation, but there is no use in pretending that the Hanover Gallery examples are admirable.

The case of Pissarro and Sisley is to some extent the same. Gentle natures, unlike the rude Monet, they have tried to outdo him in ungainliness of subject and fever of handling. Pissarro's is a curious theoretical mind; Monet never went over into *pointillisme*, Pissarro did for a time; No. 31 here has traces of the excursion. Nos. 9 and 26 give us Pissarro and Sisley not yet emerged from the sober limpid school of Corot; Pissarro's *Pommiers en fleurs* (13) is the best example here of what he has done under the new inspiration. Monet himself is shown at his worst as well as his best. *La Terrasse de Vétheuil* (4) is a scramble of tones from ill-chosen ill-treated material. *Chemin Creux, Villerville* (24) gives us a V-shaped gash opening on the sea, so ugly that one cannot attend to the tone-effect. So in *Chemin Creux* (49) the sticks and bunches of young trees perched upon a bank of fuzzy undergrowth, and the abominable accident of their perspective distress the eye too much to let it enjoy the sky which they intended to throw into relief. The two sea-pieces at Etretat and Varangeville have no such aggressive faults, we follow the furious dash at the illumination of the hour less impeded. But in *Gelée blanche* (19) and *Effet de Neige* (3) the right matter offers itself to the narrow-gifted, impatient, omnivorous painter; there are no tangles of brushwood and foliage to thrash at desperately, no malignant forms defeating a radiant effect; in the first the rosy frosty smoke blots out detail, transforming the trees into ghosts of ethereal tone; in the other a mantle of snow does the same tender office. On the far bank of the river a flush of light strikes; above it the sky is golden green and reflects itself in the river; the near bank is in shadow, its upward surfaces reflect the paler sky, those more steeply inclined take the blue complementary to the rosy illumination. In subjects like these, when nature is simple enough for an artist who must work under her immediate present stimulus, we get the essence of Monet, and it is a rare one.

Of the followers little need be said. None of them matches his master in fineness of eye for tone, and a tyranny of the palette shows in their work. The quite unreasonable banishment of ochres and umbers from the list of pigments drives them to use emerald green or bright violet for a hundred subtle tints, which might theoretically be composed from the primary colours of the spectrum, but in hurried practice are not. The green of such painting is as much a convention as the brown of an older school.

I may mention in this connexion that *The Studio* for January publishes some excellent reproductions of paintings by Manet, the more welcome since one or two of them have not found their way into the books and magazines before. With them is printed an article by M. Antonin Proust. The article contains some interesting recollections, but, rash as it may seem for a foreigner to criticise a former Minister of Fine Arts and lifelong friend of Manet, I find in it a good deal of the bewildering looseness that characterises the history of this period. As I have once before remarked, the recollections of a painter's close associates are often the most misleading, because ideas and impressions get dated backwards, and one man, for a friend, swallows up a group. Thus M. Proust dates back to 1852 Manet's introduction of fresh delicate colour in place of brown, and his habit of open-air painting instead of work in a studio. Now in 1852 Manet was at the beginning of his schooling under Couture; his

début at the Salon was in 1861, and for some time after that he was still a black and brown painter. Even in 1863 the famous *Déjeuner sur l'Herbe* is painted in conventional studio tones of green, black and ivory. M. Proust says that picture "is remarkable in the artist's career as being the first example of that wonderful effect of quivering light, which later was seen in full force in works still more famous, such as the *Barque d'Argenteuil*." This is pure fancy; it was the modern dress of the men that startled the public, and the rude simplification of drawing, not any vibration of tones; the painting is as different from the broken painting of the *Argenteuil* as can well be. Other accounts agree that Manet first painted out of doors in 1870, and the pictures support the story. "He travelled in Holland, in Italy, and in Spain" says M. Proust, dating the travels after the six years with Couture, and dating the influence of Velazquez at this point. There is some confusion about the travels; one account dates a journey to Holland before the schooling; others a visit to Germany and Italy after it. Tintoretto, whom Manet copied, was an influence in this journey, and the result of it was a number of sacred pictures, most of them destroyed. The journey to Spain, in any case, was later (1865); it was in the Louvre that the Spanish masters took hold of Manet, and most of his Spanish subjects were painted before he set foot in Spain. *Le Toréro Mort* given in *The Studio* is the only remaining fragment of the *Combat des Taureaux* of 1864. One or two of the other pictures given are early work. Thus "La Femme aux Cerises" is the *Chanteuse des Rues* shown at Martinet's in 1863, and the beautiful "Femme au Perroquet" in her rose peignoir is the *Jeune Dame en* 1866 of Manet's '67 exhibition. The splendid *Joueuse de Guitare* is of the same date. We shall understand Manet better if we do not read into pictures of this period the characteristics of his work from 1870 onwards, characteristics that he shares with, and probably derived from Monet.

D. S. M.

P.S.—Since writing on Alfred Stevens at the Old Masters, I find that the portrait of Mr. Collmann, pendant to that of Mrs. Collmann at the Tate Gallery, has been lent to the South Kensington Museum, and is hung on the staircase leading to the Art Library. The Museum has bought from the same family a lovely head, a study for that of "Valour" in the Wellington monument, as well as two studies for the portrait bust of a child. The sanguines in possession of the Museum have been photographed and are in process of printing. Sir James Linton has been good enough to send me his recollections of a visit to the studio of Alfred Stevens after his death. He says "amongst other things it contained a picture of the 'Virgin and Child,' a most beautiful and masterly work. I was so struck by it that I asked if it was an original or a fine copy. I was assured it was an original. I have often wondered what became of it" (I have never seen any reference to this picture) Sir James continues, "I cordially agree with you as to the absolute necessity of placing the Duke on horseback so as to finish the composition of the monument in S. Paul's, and as you say, it should be as Stevens left it. I remember it in his studio and my recollection is that at such a height it would be quite finished enough and I would not have it touched by anyone."

MR. SHAW CRESCENT.

HAVING regard to the commonweal, Mr. Shaw bemoans the existence of "reputations" in art, and vents a hope that the attractive specimen acquired by himself will decay quickly. If he is sincere in this protestation, he must change his tactics. He is not going the right way about the business. His new book* will increase the bulk of his reputation, and will make it more durable. In these "Three Plays for Puritans" he has made a perceptible advance from the point he occupied in those "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant."

When a well-known writer is, like Mr. Shaw, in his

forty-fifth year, people are apt to assume that he cannot further advance. He may, it is thought, increase his reputation by repeating himself, but cannot increase it by doing anything better than, or in kind different from, what he has done before. And usually this popular assumption is quite correct. Nine lustres exhaust from a writer any vital stuff that may be in him. The question is not of the amount he has to express, but simply of the time during which he has tried to express it. The small writer *àtât* 30 will have relatively as much left in him as the great writer *àtât* 30; and neither will have anything to express fifteen years later. Be there never so great an amount of vital stuff in a man—in other words, if he be a genius—he will, nevertheless, be on the shelf (however devoutly he may believe himself to be *sur le tapis*) so soon as his ninth lustre is fulfilled. But to this rule there are, here and there, a few glaring exceptions, and Mr. Shaw happens to be one of them. I care not that he is in his forty-fifth year: he is, I assure you, a young writer; he is still in an early state of development. I will not try to determine whether he be a great writer or otherwise. But I do insist that you should regard him as a young one. Perhaps it will help you if I venture for a moment into that first-personal manner which Mr. Shaw himself has used to such effect. I am, I believe, regarded as a young writer. On the other hand, you think you know all about Mr. Shaw. You think his ideas and his methods are fixed, and that he, as a writer, must continue to be exactly what he already is. Now let me give you a striking proof of your error. Mr. Shaw and I, as writers, are exactly connate. Thirteen years ago, when the writing-instinct first stirred in me, one of my relatives was writing a weekly "London Letter" for a well-known journal in Scarborough. I implored that I might be allowed to write it for him, claiming no reward. He assented. I well remember that the first paragraph I wrote was in reference to the first number of "The Star," which had just been published. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his editorial pronunciamiento, had been hotly philanthropic. "If," he had written, "we enable the charwoman to put two lumps of sugar in her tea instead of one, then we shall not have worked in vain." My comment on this was that if Mr. O'Connor were to find that charwomen did not take sugar in their tea, his paper would, presumably, cease to be issued. I believe the paragraph had a great success, in Scarborough. Recalling it, I do not think much of it. I quote it merely to show that I, who am still regarded as a young writer, am exactly connate with Mr. Shaw. For it was in this very number of "The Star" that Mr. Shaw, as "Corno di Bassetto," made his first bow to the public. Thitherto he had confined himself to speaking on platforms, talking to his friends, reading books. He had never, before the year 1888, been induced to express himself in writing. And thus he is as young a writer as I am. He is still perched on the lap of the gods. Almost every man who has a vocation to writing takes to his pen, as I did, when he is fifteen years old. Mr. Shaw did not take to his before he was twenty-eight. As I have already suggested, the amount that a writer has still to express, and the possibility of novelty in its expression, depends entirely on the time during which he has been writing. Thus, since the writer who begins at the normal age becomes barren at the age of forty-five, Mr. Shaw, glaring exception that he is, will have celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday before we can pass any definite judgment on his powers. If his future progress in dramaturgy be in ratio to his progress during the past three years, he will leave behind him an immortal name. So I advise him to "slow down" at once.

When he published his "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant," I, knowing him to be quite young and malleable, thought it well to urge him not to go in for serious drama. "Arms and the Man" and "You Never Can Tell" seemed to me much better, much more sincere and genuine, as comedic farces than were "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and the rest as serious plays. Nor has my opinion changed in the meantime. In his serious plays Mr. Shaw was not himself. He was still the youth groping his way to self-expression, and groping, as so many youths do, in the wrong

* "Three Plays for Puritans." By Bernard Shaw. (Grant Richards.)

direction, under the wrong master. Hanging on to the coat-tails of even the wrong master is healthy exercise for a youth; it strengthens his muscles, and so forth. But such exercise must not be overdone. Mr. Shaw has loosened his hold on Ibsen's coat-tails not too soon. I admit that his serious plays were exceedingly good *pastiches* of Ibsen, and that in time he could have written serious plays to which one could have given higher praise than that. Nevertheless, he was not born to write serious plays. He has too irresponsible a sense of humour. This sense he never could have suppressed so utterly as to prevent it from marring his plays; and, as it is his greatest gift, one does not wish him to suppress it at all. Again, he is (though he may deny that he is) incapable of portraying satisfactorily those human passions which must form the basis of serious drama. In all his serious plays, he tried (and tried very cleverly) to reproduce Ibsen's women. These creatures are tolerable and admirable because they are warmly human, warmly alive. But Mr. Shaw never could get further than their surface-characteristics. And the result was that his heroines were quite appalling. They were merely dowdy and ill-conditioned figures—wasps without waists. I am glad to think that I have seen the last of them. Now that Mr. Shaw has got clean away from the Ibsen formula, and makes no attempt at dealing seriously with the great issues of human life, his heroines are quite delightful and (as far as they go) quite real.

The first of the plays in this book is a melodrama, the second an extravagant historical comedy, the third a romantic "adventure." In fact, the *form* of them is quite frivolous. Seriousness enters into them now and again, but inheres in them never. In "Mrs. Warren" and the rest it was the form that was serious, and the frivolity that could not be kept out. The change in Mr. Shaw's method is welcome because he himself is a jester with serious interludes, not an occasionally jocular seer. The new method is for him the artistic method. All three plays are presented on a large, loose scale which is about as far as anything could be from the strait, strict form of his early plays—as far from it as Mr. Shaw's true self is from Ibsen's. And Mr. Shaw uses this large, loose scale in a thoroughly masterly way, having found it for himself by the light of nature, and not having imposed it on himself as a duty. I admit that the last play, "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," is not masterly. The admission is, indeed, wrung from me by the fact that I elaborately disparaged the play in these columns a few short weeks ago. Nevertheless, it marks a distinct advance from the serious plays: it is much more capable than were they of being treated with respect. Of the first play, "The Devil's Disciple," I have also written here, and, reading it, I have nothing to subtract from the praises I heaped on it after seeing it acted. The second play, "Caesar and Cleopatra," is quite new to me. It is, I think, far the best thing Mr. Shaw has yet done. Every scene in it is delicious. Most of the scenes are mere whimsical embroidery, a riotous sequence of broadly humorous incidents. But some of them, very cleverly woven in, are true psychological comedy. Both Caesar and Cleopatra are perfectly credible studies. Of course, if Mr. Shaw had tried to portray Caesar in some really serious love affair, or to give us Cleopatra in the Antonian phrase, he would have failed utterly. But here, merely, is Caesar as an important public man who knows that a little chit of a girl-queen has taken a fancy to him, and is tickled by the knowledge, and behaves very kindly to her, and rather wishes he were young enough to love her. This kind of emotion Mr. Shaw can delineate sharply and truly. Nor could the kittenish admiration of Cleopatra for her hero have been more sympathetically shown to us. I wish very much that this play could be produced. But it would cost many thousands of pounds, and managers are coy of a vast production which is not the setting of some vast dramatic motive. Indeed, there is, as I have more than once demonstrated, an artistic, besides a financial, objection to such a production. Nevertheless, if I were a very rich manager, I should produce the play, if only to watch how a modern British audience would be affected by the early Briton whom Mr. Shaw has foisted

into his play. Mr. Alfred Bishop would be engaged by me for this part. He would be immense in it.

I am not sure that Mr. Shaw's prefaces, notes, and stage-directions are not even more delightful than the plays themselves. In them, too, I find that Mr. Shaw has made real progress. He has always had a "style," in the sense that he has always been able to express accurately, in a live manner, the thoughts that are in him. But now he is evidently beginning to realise that a style may be beautiful, and ought to be beautiful, in itself. In one of the prefaces, especially, in which he describes the career and character of Mr. Cunninghame Graham, he introduces some really graceful and charming prose. The Puritan, paying homage to the Cavalier, decks himself with some of the Cavalier's own plumes, and looks, I am bound to say, very well in them. But I hope Mr. Shaw will not, like so many of our young writers, pay attention to manner at the expense of matter. I notice, with misgiving, his use of the word "stupent." He must beware the fascination of archaisms. On the other hand, I am glad to find in his prefaces evidence that he has just been reading Plato. To quote Plato freely, as he does, is a very proper habit in a young writer.

MAX.

A DULL LIFE OF WAGNER.

TURN we from tiresome operatic politics, leaving Mr. Higgins and his Syndicate, should they find grace, to repent in private of their crime against English opera and English music; and in this our day of bitter shame and humiliation let us distract our minds with a book which opera matters prevented me touching last week. Or rather, we will turn to Mr. Glasenapp's "Life of Wagner" after I have offered a few further brief remarks on my subject of last week. I have conferred with several of my critical brethren and find them all of the same opinion, that is, my opinion. Indeed it is hard to see how there can be two opinions on the matter. There are two parts of the question: the first, is Mr. Messenger a fit man to be head of Covent Garden; second, should any foreigner, and above all a Frenchman, be head of Covent Garden? The first part we shall now have to leave until Mr. Messenger has shown us what he is able to do; he will be judged, if without extraordinary favour, at any rate without prejudice. The second part everyone will decide at once: it is monstrous that a foreigner should be head of what is our only substitute for a National English Opera. Perhaps it is not too late even at this late hour to hope that Mr. Messenger will have the tact to withdraw from an arrangement which will certainly damage whatever small reputation he may at present have here. I repeat that, so far at least as the Press is concerned, he will be treated without any unkindness. But the public is a different matter. Consciously or unconsciously it will be dead against him. Even the public is at last beginning to understand that it would be better if we had an English Opera of our own (whether it is Royal or not does not matter); and I do not think that the most intelligent part of the Covent Garden audience—the gallery—will hesitate to damn the foreigner on the smallest pretence. Nor can I pretend to be unsympathetic towards the public. If Mr. Messenger comes here I shall be as impartial as possible; I shall try to err on the side of being too favourable to the unwanted stranger within our gates; but, honestly, if Mr. Messenger—or the gentleman he stands for, Mr. Carré—comes to utter grief I don't think tears will flow readily from these eyes. What would be said in Paris if an Englishman were appointed to the chief post of either the Grand Opera or the Opéra Comique? There would be another Revolution in twenty minutes; barricades would be set up in the streets and rifles brought out; and in two or three days the guillotine would be hard at work and the heads of government officials and opera managers would be flying off at the rate of goodness knows how many per minute. But no foreigner will ever get an important musical post in France. They are wiser there than the poor fatuous English are here. They have no music in France and few genuine

musicians; but the make-believes they have for both they keep and treasure—keep in the sense of giving them good berths and salaries, and treasure in the sense of listening to them as often as their patience will permit. In England the powers that be—the Opera Syndicate for example—resolutely do everything they know to starve the English musician and to prevent his music being heard. But the subject is too discouraging, too sickening to dwell on. Last week I treated the rumour with regard to *Messenger* and *Carré* as a canard. Now it is no longer possible to keep up the pretence. There is no doubt we have been sold or given away. We are to have, as a witty writer recently said, Royal French Opera at Covent Garden. I lay my hearty curse on the undertaking. There is only one last observation to make. It has been said that the *Opéra Comique* is closed in the summer, and therefore Mr. *Messenger*—or Mr. *Carré*—will be able to attend to his duties here. That is absolute nonsense and is uttered either in ignorance or bad faith. The *Opéra Comique* is not closed during the London season. And now, leaving Covent Garden in disgust let us look at Mr. Glasenapp.

For years we have been told that in English there was no authoritative *Life of Wagner*, and in German only one, Glasenapp's. In the preface, the altogether superfluous preface, to the translation of the first volume of Glasenapp Mr. Ashton Ellis says: "There is absolutely no need to dwell upon the lack of a full and authoritative English '*Life of Wagner*,' for—*pace* Mr. H. T. Finck's two entertaining volumes—the thing has never yet been seriously attempted." A few lines further on he speaks of "the incomparable work of Carl Fr. Glasenapp." I am filled with admiration for the light and airy way in which Mr. Ellis delivers what is, if he only knew it, a most dangerous challenge. Mr. Finck is one of the best equipped musical critics at present exercising his function on this globe; he is an ardent Wagnerian who engaged himself for many years in following up the tracks left by "the master;" and in his two "entertaining volumes" he summed up Wagner's life-work in a conclusive way, leaving the two said "entertaining volumes" as the best things said about Wagner and possibly to be said. To him enters Mr. Ellis with a friendly, if somewhat superior, gibe, and the first volume of Glasenapp. Well, I have carefully read through this first volume of Glasenapp, and my verdict is this: that it is the most impudent, bumptious, pretentious life of anyone which it has as yet been my misfortune to lay hands on. Of course it is constructed on the German plan, and that one can forgive. We cannot help it if a German, in writing of a great man, goes into painfully minute details about the great man's uncles, nephews, sisters and so on almost ad infinitum. It is inevitable that Glasenapp should devote many weary pages to the Wagner and Geyer family history, to Adolf and Friedrich Wagner and even a whole special chapter to Richard's sister Rosalie. One can but suffer under it and get through with it as fast as possible. But what are we to think of a *Life of Wagner* in heaven knows how many volumes—this first one has nearly four hundred pages—and not a line of criticism from beginning to end! Tons of useless or useful information are here and endless quotations from the contemporary Press on Richard's early work, but as for a sentence indicating that Glasenapp knows B from a bull's foot or has the faintest sense of Wagner's real position as a creative musician, one cannot be found. Dreary, fatuous anecdotes, bearing on them the fair bright stamp of utter untruth, are told at ten times the length that should be allowed them if they are told at all—which they should not be; but we are never given so much as a vivid picture of the master's daily life in Leipzig, Königsberg, Riga, London or Paris. The writing is nerveless, entirely destitute of grip; one reads on and on and the matter runs through one's mind as through a sieve: it is altogether water without anything solid to remain with one. There is nothing new. One recognises familiar facts and yarns as one skims over the pages, but on not one period of Wagner's life is any fresh light thrown. And this is the great and long-expected *Life* which is to displace Mr. Finck's "entertaining volumes"! I

protest against such an imposition. Why, one learns more from any single chapter in Finck than from the whole of this wretched volume. Mr. Finck's criticism may be right or it may be wrong, but at least it is criticism. Mr. Finck does not dismiss themes or whole movements with the unenlightening remark that they are "strong" or "trenchant"; he traces Wagner's growth through the successive music-dramas in a perfectly intelligible way. For anything Glasenapp's conveys to one's mind a reader reading him for information would not know whether the "Dutchman" was more or less advanced than "Rienzi." Of course we are told that it is more advanced, just as we are told it was written later; but mere affirmation is not demonstration. Glasenapp demonstrates nothing: in a peculiar way he seems to assume that the reader knows as much as he does (which is quite probable), and that all he has to do is to remind us of familiar facts. And the whole thing is carried off with an amusing air of good-natured superiority. Mr. Glasenapp evidently considers himself a great man. He is mistaken. This, his life-work and masterpiece, could have been compiled in a few months by any industrious English journalist; it is great only in the sense of forming a large, heavy book. In England our musical journalism is bad enough (there is only one weekly paper, the "*Musical Standard*," that an educated man or woman can read), but the journalism which accepts Glasenapp as the prophet of Wagner is lower than ours. When we inquire who Mr. Glasenapp is, we speedily find that his only claim to distinction is that he knew Wagner and is one of the Bayreuth mutual admiration coterie. No one else admires them, but Glasenapp calls Wolzogen a distinguished person; Wolzogen does as much by Glasenapp; they unite in speaking highly of Messrs. Ashton Ellis and Houston Chamberlain, who in turn tell us how high and mighty are Glasenapp and Wolzogen; and so the game goes round. It is very delightful. But it should not lead us to think them all great men nor to accept Glasenapp's "Wagner" as a "monumental" work. I shall use the volumes as they appear to hurl at a Wagnerite gentleman who puts his street-piano under my windows and grinds out the "*Tannhäuser*" overture.

J. F. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE CHINESE POINT OF VIEW.—III.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In one of your journals I recently read that "the civilisation of China" is the ultimate object of the nations of Europe. If so, the methods they adopt to attain their end are singular indeed: but of these I do not trust myself to speak. Looting, wanton destruction, cold-blooded murder, and rape—these are things which you do not, I know, here in England approve, which you would prevent, I am convinced, if you could, and which I am willing to set down to the license of ill-disciplined troops. It is for another purpose than that of idle deprecation that I refer to them in this place. The question always before my mind, when you speak of civilisation, is this:—what kind of men has your civilisation produced? And to such a question current events in China seem to suggest an answer not altogether reassuring. But that answer I do not press. It may be that all culture, ours as much as yours, is no more than a veneer; that deep in the den of every human heart lurks the brute, ready to leap on its prey when chance or design has unbarred the gates. We at any rate, in China, lie under the same condemnation as you; and our reproaches, like yours, fly back to the mouths of them that utter them. I pass therefore, from scenes like these, to normal conditions of life. What manner of men, I ask, are we, what manner of men are you, that you should take upon yourselves to call us barbarians?

What manner of men are we? The question is hard to answer. Turning it over in my thoughts, hour after hour, day after day, I can hit on no better device to

bring home to you something of what is in my mind than to endeavour to set down here, as faithfully as I can, a picture that never ceases to haunt my memory as I walk in these dreary winter days the streets of your black metropolis.

Far away in the East, under sunshine such as you never saw (for even such light as you have you stain and infect with sooty smoke), on the shore of a broad river stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands; but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or grey, modest cheerful and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift their blue- or red-tiled roofs out of a sea of green; while here and there glitters out over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river, crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges and junks, bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village-markets. For prosperous peasants people all the district, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before them. The soil on which they work, they may say, they and their ancestors have made. For see! almost to the summit what once were barren hills are waving green with cotton and rice, sugar, oranges, and tea. Water drawn from the river-bed girdles the slopes with silver; and falling from channel to channel in a thousand bright cascades, plashing in cisterns, chuckling in pipes, soaking and oozing in the soil, distributes freely to all alike fertility, verdure and life. Hour after hour you may traverse, by tortuous paths, over tiny bridges, the works of the generations who have passed, the labours of their children of to-day; till you reach the point where man succumbs and Nature has her way, covering the highest crags with a mantle of azure and gold and rose, gardenia, clematis, azalea, growing luxuriantly wild. How often here have I sat for hours in a silence so intense that, as one of our poets has said, "you may hear the shadows of the trees rustling on the ground;" a silence broken only now and again from far below by voices of labourers calling across the watercourses, or, at evening or dawn, by the silver tinkle of bells summoning to prayer from the temples in the valley. Such silence! Such sounds! Such perfume! Such colour! The senses respond to their objects; they grow exquisite to a degree you cannot well conceive in your northern climate; and beauty pressing in from without moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself. If in China we have manners, if we have art, if we have morals, the reason, to those who can see, is not far to seek. Nature has taught us; and, so far, we are only more fortunate than you. But also, we have had the grace to learn her lesson; and that, we think, we may ascribe to our intelligence. For, consider! here in this lovely valley live thousands of souls without any law save that of custom, without any rule save that of their own hearths. Industrious they are, as you hardly know industry in Europe; but it is the industry of free men working for their kith and kin, on the lands they received from their fathers to transmit enriched by their labours to their sons. They have no other ambition; they do not care to amass wealth; and if in each generation some must needs go out into the world, it is with the hope, not commonly frustrated, to return to the place of their birth and spend their declining years among the scenes and the faces that were dear to their youth. Among such a people there is no room for fierce indecent rivalries. None is master, none servant; but equality, concrete and real, regulates and sustains their intercourse. Healthy toil, sufficient leisure, frank hospitality, a content born of habit and undisturbed by chimerical ambitions, a sense of beauty fostered by the loveliest Nature in the world, and finding expression in gracious and dignified manners where it is not embodied in exquisite works of art—such are the characteristics of the people among whom I was born. Does my memory flatter me? Do I idealise the scenes of my youth? It may be so. But this I know, that some such life as I have described, reared on the basis of labour on the soil, of equality and justice, does exist and flourish throughout the length and breadth of China. What have you to offer in its place, you our would-be civilisers? Your religion? Alas! it is in the name of that, that you are doing unnameable deeds! Your morals? Where shall

we find them? Your intelligence? Whither has it led? What counter-picture have you to offer over here in England to this which I have drawn of life in China? That is the question to which, next week, with your permission I will endeavour to reply.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

S. HELENA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New Zealand, 8 December, 1900.

SIR,—Some eight or nine months ago you made a suggestion in your columns that the sick and wounded British soldiers in the Boer war should be sent to S. Helena instead of to England—a suggestion which had a good deal to recommend it. Instead of that however several thousand Boer prisoners have been sent there, presumably mostly strong healthy men who are no doubt kept confined chiefly to camps in different portions of the island and in enforced idleness—an idleness which is no doubt distasteful to most of them.

I would suggest that those who are willing to work, say for a small allowance of a shilling or so per day, should be allowed the option of doing so under the local authorities on public works of a remunerative nature such as water conservation, irrigation, nurseries of fruit trees, &c. The island is not the barren rock it is generally supposed to be. There is a good deal of fairly fertile land in the interior capable of producing the finest quality of fruits—grapes, bananas, oranges, lemons, peaches, apricots, apples, pears &c., and which could be conveyed to the English market in about a fortnight by the fast steamers from the Cape and which are no doubt fitted up with cool chambers for fruit carrying—thus enabling the fruit to be delivered in the English market in good condition at the time of year when fruit is both scarce and dear. The island being in about 16 degrees South latitude the seasons are of course opposite to those in England.

It is a number of years since I visited the island. At that time the Crown owned a great deal of the land, including twelve or fourteen hundred acres of good arable land at Longwood—the residence of Napoleon—which was mostly used for pastoral purposes. This land and a good deal more is capable of fruit production with the aid of irrigation &c. And there are a number of excellent springs throughout the island which might be utilised.

The present seems to be an excellent opportunity for the Crown to improve its own estates there at a small cost, besides obtaining another source of fruit supply to the people of England at a time of the year when fruit is very dear and almost unattainable.

I am, &c.

A READER OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CHINESE NAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Palazzina Castelli,
Via Ferdinando Bartolommei 6, Florence.

SIR,—When responsible London newspapers habitually speak of the ex-Viceroy Li Hung-chang as "Li Hung," and the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung as "Chang-chi Tung," a protest becomes inevitable. The SATURDAY REVIEW is, as far as my observation goes, the only organ of high standing in which Chinese names are consistently and correctly printed; to the SATURDAY REVIEW, therefore, I address myself.

It is surely time that London editors understood the simple fact that—to take the above examples—Li and Chang are respectively the surnames of the individuals referred to; Hung-chang and Chih-tung answering to what we call Christian, or personal, names. To speak of Li Hung-chang, therefore, as Li Hung (I have even seen Li-hung!), is as ridiculous as it would be to speak, say, of a Mr. Joseph Smith as Mr. Smithjo. It is a pity, in the interests of accuracy, that so many papers print the ex-Viceroy's name Li Hung Chang instead of Li Hung-

chang; the former method presenting no distinction between the surname and the cognomen, while the latter method differentiates them at a glance. How is it that publicists show such perverse ingenuity in their blundering, and never manage to hit, even by accident, upon the correct style?—I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
FREDERIC H. BALFOUR.

LEADLESS GLAZE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 Ludgate Hill, E.C., 17 January, 1901.

SIR,—The comments you were pleased to make in your issue of the 12th inst., on our letter to the "Times" on this subject, are not conceived with your usual discrimination. It should have been apparent, even to the editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW (the form of expression is your own) that we did not make wilful neglect on the part of workers to use precautions an argument against the necessity for providing those precautions. You evidently do not know that the majority of manufacturers had voluntarily provided arrangements for the protection of their workpeople before the commencement of the recent official investigation into the question. Manufacturers have long studied to minimise the risks incurred by those who work in the lead. The negligence and indifference of the workpeople have been a standing trouble to them. The public have not been aware of it, and as they do not read trade journals, the "Times" kindly allowed us to give publicity to what is common knowledge in the trade. We did so not with the view of discrediting the precautions suggested, but to show that failure to derive advantages from such precautions in the past, was due not to the objection of manufacturers to provide them, but to the objection of employees to make use of them.

We and all pottery manufacturers will be glad when science provides a leadless glaze that will be as durable as lead glaze. At present it has not done so.—Yours obediently,

SCOTT, GREENWOOD AND CO.

[The editors of the "Pottery Gazette" presume too much on the ignorance of ourselves and of the general public. It is not necessary to be either a potter or the editor of a potters' paper to know something of what goes on inside the factories. We have eyes to see and ears to hear and we have used both on the spot. But they are quite right in assuming that we do not know that the majority of manufacturers have long studied to minimise the risks incurred by those who work in lead. It is not the way of the SATURDAY REVIEW to "know" that which is not. No one suggests that not a single manufacturer even by a little anticipated in some respects public agitation and official action; but the general synchronism of reforming zeal amongst the manufacturers with energy at the Home Office is conclusive. It is very easy to throw a blind in the face of the public by indefinitely asserting that precautions are provided. Take, for instance, arrangements for washing. Many average manufacturers of whom we know could roundly say they made such arrangements. But examination showed us what arrangements meant; one small basin for all the workpeople, the water having to be fetched, with not more than two towels at the most, which naturally became charged with lead and thus made washing a danger instead of an antidote. The workpeople all want to wash at much the same time, and have a fixed interval for dinner. Is it then carelessness which causes such an arrangement to fail, as our correspondents claim, or is it that such an arrangement induces carelessness?—ED. S. R.]

ANGLING FOR SONG-BIRDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

"Clandale," Craigmere, Isle of Bute, Scotland,
22 January, 1901.

SIR,—While Sir William Corry is being hauled over the coals for cruelties to albatrosses on board one of

his ships, I may be permitted to call the attention of Mr. Cunninghame Graham and the humane public generally, to a custom prevalent in the coast villages of South Cornwall: a custom which, while equal in cruelty to the torturing of albatrosses, is, at the same time, vastly more comprehensive in its scope. Lest I should do other villages injustice, I shall confine my charge to Polperro, in which delightfully quaint spot I recently spent some fifteen months, and am therefore in a position to vouch for and prove all I say concerning its customs.

I assert then, that at this season of the year—from Christmas to March—hundreds, nay thousands of small birds are caught, as Sir William avers his albatrosses were not caught, namely, *by line and hook*. The *modus operandi* is simple as it is cruel. A piece of strong linen thread—say 3 feet long—is secured. To one end is attached a wooden peg; to the other a crooked pin or small hook. A tempting earthworm ensheaths the hook, and one snare is complete. But the Cornish fisher of birds takes dozens of each with him when he meditates a day's "sport." To the fields above the cliffs he goes, and here, there, and everywhere, drives in the little wooden pegs: and, presently, here, there, and everywhere, too, God's sweet choristers may be seen struggling in the mute throes of a lingering, fluttering death.

It seems incredible; and yet I have seen twenty-two stalwart fishermen engaged in digging earthworms for the above purpose, at the same time! I have seen *forty* bloody-billed, silenced songsters brought in by one youth, in one day! Subsequently I was shown these forty music and feather-shorn martyrs stewing together in one pot—one scanty meal for a fisherman's family! Think of it: all that music hushed, all that suffering inflicted—the suffering of *forty* sensitive little birds—to make *one* paltry meal! I asked the fisherman's wife if she thought the game was worth the candle: if for so little gain it was worth while to inflict so much torture. She was surprised by my view; could not understand my point at first. But before I left her she admitted the cruelty, pleading that she had never thought it any different from catching fish. Indeed I believe inherited custom, and long association with the necessary cruelties of the fishing trade, have contributed to blunt the keen edge of sensibility in an otherwise honest, healthy-minded people. Moreover there are long spells of bad weather when fishing at sea is impossible, and "fishing" for birds on shore is easy: when "every little helps"—even a meal of grey-birds, blackbirds and thrushes. The fisherman, therefore, must not be judged without reference to the mitigating circumstances of his precarious calling.

Nevertheless this absolute torture of delicate, highly sensitive birds, is a state of things surely as abhorrent to the average Briton as to several shocked but helpless residents of Polperro. That beautiful little Cornish village is sadly in need of a missionary from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

In conclusion I wish to express my personal thanks to you, Sir, and to those, your correspondents, who have so valiantly championed the albatross, for the gratification you have given me and my friends. My heart warms to "A Lover of Sea Birds;" and I feel sure he will approve of my enlarging on his literary reference, by pointing out that the sympathy of Coleridge was not restricted to the albatross, but to

"All things, both great and small."

You, Sir, by your determined defence of the "great" bird, have encouraged me to say a word for the "small."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDWARD KERR-LAWSON.

[We are very sorry to hear that Cornish fishermen are anglers of song-birds. We have a high admiration for the Cornish character, and especially for the fisher folk, who seem mostly to be in harmony with the magnificent scenery which is their home. We trust some correspondent from Cornwall may have something to say in answer to Mr. Kerr-Lawson's charge. We are not however the less grateful to him for calling public attention to what he has seen.—ED. S. R.]

THE THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Littleton Manor House, Winchester,
13 January, 1901.

SIR,—I venture to appeal for your support in extending the observance of the anniversary of King Charles' martyrdom. He occupies an unique place in the Kalendar, being the one saint canonised by the Anglican Church, and the only martyr who laid down his life for her sake.

The services, formerly in the Prayer Book, have never been abrogated by Convocation, and it is therefore open to any priest to revive them.

Already many have done so and I believe many others will be willing to do so. In many cases I have been told the obstacle lies in the difficulty of obtaining copies of the Service.

Will you allow me to say that I shall be very happy to supply copies to any incumbent, who will consent to revive the Service?

I am, Sir, your obedient, humble servant,
HERBERT VIVIAN,
President of the Legitimist Club.

ELEMENTARY TEACHERS AND UNIVERSITY TRAINING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, 14 January, 1901.

SIR,—Last November the President of the National Federation of Assistant Teachers in his address to the annual conference of that body held at Manchester said:—

"It is essential that fuller provision for the training of teachers should be made by the State; and in this connexion it is a question for serious consideration whether the interests of education will not best be served by affording to the student teacher the wider humanitarian training of a general course of study at one of the Universities or University colleges.

"It is constantly complained of teachers that their mental view is narrow and confined to scholastic subjects, and cause for such complaint, if it exists—and I fear it does to a large extent—is fostered by the present Training College system. Let our coming teachers rub shoulders in the secondary school and the University with their fellows who are preparing for other professions, due provision being made for proper training in pedagogy, as is done for the special needs of the medical and legal professions, and their views are bound to be broadened and liberalised" ("School-master," 3 November, 1900, p. 765).

A fortnight ago the President of the Federation of Head Teachers meeting in conference at Norwich said that the time had surely arrived when training colleges should aim at giving a real and general education as distinguished from a mere school education. It would vastly benefit our young teachers if a wider and more liberal course were followed at our training colleges—if something of the nature of a University course could be taken, and the real culture and higher education of the student were made the central aim. They would look forward to the day when teachers, like other professional men, would receive a liberal education at one of the Universities, where they would mix with representatives of all types and classes of English life ("School-master," 12 January, 1901, p. 68).

These extracts, representing as they do the views of both Heads and Assistants, call for no comment. They seem to me to point clearly to a means whereby the "mechanical nature of the teaching" in primary schools—the "damnosa hereditas of the system of payment by results"—may be modified.

I remain, yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

[We agree with Mr. Adkins up to a point; but we doubt whether the means to which he refers are applicable to the material of which the average elementary school teacher is now made.—ED. S. R.]

REVIEWS.

THE TATLER.

"Memories of the Tennysons." By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: MacLehose. 1900. 5s. net.

"O, THAT Press will get hold of me now!" are among the last words of Tennyson recorded by his son in the "Memoir." How it did get hold of him and dilate in flaring poster and in heavily leaded type on his last moments we can all remember. The reporters the dying man dreaded, and it is more than likely that he had occasional misgivings about his friends. At any rate precautions, not so effectual as they deserved to be, were taken to prevent the publication of tittle-tattle volumes and magazine articles about the dead poet. The "Memoir" kept these in check for awhile, but the hero-worshippers can no longer be denied. Canon Rawnsley now hastens into print with his new volume, "Memories of the Tennysons," to prove that the facts about Tennyson and his circle given in the authoritative Memoir are insufficient, and we have little doubt that his book, very suitable for those who hanker after such light literary food, full of tit-bits and odds and ends, fit to be picked up and set down at any moment, will breed others of a like character. We shall not deny that we have found in this volume a certain amount of matter of transient interest, a hundred and one trifles which happily make no longer a sojourn in the mind than the proverbial word that goes in at one ear and comes out at the other. Indeed here and there is something in this book which we would not have missed, even if it had been already set forth elsewhere. Take, for example, the description which Canon Rawnsley tells us his old nurse gave him of the happy wedding-day at Shiplake, when Alfred Tennyson was married by Drummond Rawnsley to Emily Sellwood. "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her," said Tennyson in after life, a beautiful saying which his son did well to preserve. Side by side with those words we may set the picture, slight but very tender, drawn by the old nurse then a young woman. "She dressed the bride for her bridal, and spoke of the beautiful eyes and hair and sky-blue dress." Thirty-four years later the happy wife still remembered and spoke of the woman who had dressed her, remembered, too, the sky-blue gown. That is a delicate and charming touch to which no exception could be taken. Unhappily Canon Rawnsley is not always, in truth is rarely, on such safe ground. When he records his scraps of talk with Tennyson, he is almost invariably unfortunate. He makes us feel sometimes a horrid inclination to burst out laughing, when he, in deadly earnest himself, clearly expects us to comport ourselves in like manner. Few, if any acts and words of Johnson's were too trivial for Boswell to relate. Johnson's stirring up with his stick a dead cat in the water, Johnson snubbing Boswell, were equally precious as "copy." Assuredly Canon Rawnsley relates nothing which Boswell would not in his place have seized upon. Yet Boswell on Johnson's little deeds and words is always good, whilst Canon Rawnsley on Tennyson is always the reverse. What is the explanation of this difference? We should say it is partly that Boswell in his own particular line was great, a master among masters, whereas Canon Rawnsley is not at all so; partly, that Johnson and Boswell are mellowed by age. Perhaps Canon Rawnsley on Tennyson will become mellow, on a day, say, when it will be possible for an intelligent person to turn over some ancient paper and glance with unfeigned interest rather than unfeigned disgust at the vulgar chatter and gibberish of the "smart" society paragraphists of this time. We have a fancy, however, that that mellowing process will take a great number of years. All lovers of Shelley's poetry can read with delight Trelawny's talk of the private and home life and sayings and odd ways of Shelley; and they may feel that they could have read Trelawny with no less satisfaction even a year or two after the death of the poet. Trelawny, however, was passing rare among his kind: it is almost as true to say there has only been one Trelawny as to say there has only been one Boswell.

"Once at Farringford in 1888 he [Tennyson] asked Mr. Gordon Wordsworth, who was working then with me, how old his grandfather was when he died; and on being told that he was eighty, he said, rather sadly, 'One more year.' We do not doubt for a moment that Canon Rawnsley has here with perfect fidelity recorded the incident and Tennyson's words. But that does not make it a whit less difficult to take the story in the spirit we are expected to. It is meant for pathos, and pathetic it may well have been; but as here set down, by bald words in hard cold print, it is not the pathos that strikes us, but the bathos. There are sayings of the wisest and best men, which, deeply moving those who hear them, cannot well be reduced to writing, their beauty being as evanescent as the colours of a faint rainbow; and these are for the memory, scarcely for the lips certainly not for the pen of the memoirist. Of Tennyson's pipe and Tennyson's port we have all heard, and been aware of hearing. Yet Canon Rawnsley will not let us off. He tells us how Tennyson said, 'Port is the best wine, but I must not take it now;' of how young Hyde, the saddler in Louth—somebody on the strength of this will probably try to interview Hyde's descendants about Hyde—gave Tennyson, aged fourteen, a strong cigar; of how 'I [Tennyson] smoked it all and flung the end into a horse-pond and I was none the worse.' But stay! here is something really new—Tennyson on saccharine: 'As we had tea in the sunny little arbour in the kitchen garden, he said to me, 'Dr. Andrew Clarke does not advise saccharine, and I have left it off. He says he does not know enough about it.' "He did everything in a large way," says Canon Rawnsley, without the faintest idea of making a joke. "The tobacco-jar by his fire-side held quite a gallon." Perhaps it would be hypercritical to remark in passing that tobacco is not usually measured by the standard to which Canon Rawnsley refers. "Hæ nugæ seria ducunt." But it is when the author reaches the final scene, the scene after death, that he lets himself go with fatal effect. "All London woke that morning with but one thought: 'This is the Laureate's funeral day.' Men of business spoke of it as they hurried to their trains. Omnibus drivers and cabmen talked of it as they waited for their fares; urchins mingled with the early crowd outside the Abbey precincts, and cried their wares. There were portraits of the poet, and, beneath the rough woodcut, the poems, 'Crossing the Bar,' and 'Come not when I am Dead,' all for one penny!" This might be a bit of new journalistic reporting. Bad indeed begins, but worse remains behind, for the good Canon mingles with the crowd and gives as a result some snap-shots, as we believe they are called. "'I don't know nuffin about Lord Tennyson,' said a roughish coster at my side, 'but he was the bloke as wrote about the "light brigade," that's wot brings me here, guvnor.'" Then presently comes the scene inside the Abbey, with a series of pen portraits of the leading figures in the assemblage. "Lord Salisbury, burly, with head bent forward, but upright of body, dark and stern. . . . Lord Kelvin, eager of face, bushy of head somewhat . . . none sadder than Lord Rosebery, as it seemed, save the sun-tanned face of the friend so loved for Lionel's sake, the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava." Flowery passages follow about the Duke of Argyll, whose "upstanding front of hair, once so golden yellow," gleams now like silver, and vain regrets that Royalty, owing to "lack of precedent or other pressing engagements," was not present: but we propose to deny ourselves the pleasure of giving any more flowers of reporting from "Memories of the Tennysons:" enough has been given to show the kind of thing in which the author seems to revel. We cut the edges of this book, expecting something in the nature of a treat, at least some hours of pleasant reading; for Canon Rawnsley has had much experience in authorship, he has written gracefully of the English lakes he loves, and amongst which he lives, he is a man of culture and of fervour; but we had been more blest had we expected nothing of the sort. There are things in this book worth reading, for instance, "Virgil and Tennyson," "Lincolnshire Scenery and

Character," and passages in the chapters about Somersby and its folklore; but they do not make amends for writing of the sort we have quoted. What is wanting in the author is a sense of humour; if he had possessed that, the book would not have been written.

A STATESMAN OF THE EAST.

"The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan." 2 vols. London: Murray. 1900. 32s.

NOT since Babar left Kabul on the ever-fashionable business of annexation has Central Asia produced a more up-to-date or able a ruler than the author of this astonishing work. To say that the book itself is not the least remarkable of its writer's performances is to say a good deal for it. Twenty years ago Afghanistan was a group of semi-barbarous tribes with little cohesion and less policy. To-day it is a united country with a strong central government, a powerful military organisation, an incipient manufacturing industry and a firm national policy. All this is the work of one man who now heads the books of a London season with a work in which he tells how it was done.

The editor and publisher divide the work into two parts. The first is the autobiography of the Amir, said to have been written with his own hand. The second is an account of his policy foreign and domestic, his methods of administration and his personal life with his views on the political situation and the considerations which should influence himself and his successors in their internal economy and in their dealings with foreign Powers. This part we are told was taken down from the Amir's own conversations by his Mir Munshi, Sultan Mahomed Khan, who has translated and edited the whole and has done his part well. The authenticity of the work is unlikely to be seriously challenged. To some extent it is probably a compilation of matter written at different times and for different purposes. But no one who reads it carefully will doubt that both parts are the work of the same mind if not the same hand. The one strong personality colours it all. The period of Abdur Rahman's exile in Samarkand is told with disappointing brevity. His experiences of those days would have thrown much light on his relations with the Russians and the inward history of their intrigues, their policy and their methods of government. It is possibly for this reason the chronicle is bald and vague. The period is one which the Amir could hardly dwell on with pleasure. Curiously enough the memoirs of his great predecessor Babar are silent for the years he too spent in Samarkand, years which witnessed the failure of his most cherished designs. Throughout the whole work the Amir shows a certain restraint in criticising the acts of the Russian Government and her officers. Her general policy in the abstract he reviews and exposes with outspoken frankness when the occasion arises. The purpose of his book requires it. This attitude is in marked contrast to the freedom which he permits himself in dealing with English officers and statesmen or the acts of the British Government.

The Amir's outspokenness increases in the second volume which does not profess to be his own composition. It remains open to him hereafter to disown the accuracy of his reporter if so minded. He has himself indicated the wisdom of concealing his thoughts and it would be rash to assume that he has entirely opened his heart in these pages. But the work as a whole undoubtedly represents those views which he wishes at the present moment to go to the world as his own. No minister of the Amir's would dare to misrepresent him or would long retain his head on his shoulders if he did.

The picture is drawn to show us the man as he wishes to be seen: the reader will not have to look far to find the man as he really is. The boastfulness, the pride, the constant pretension of his own infallibility and of divine support, the exaggeration of his successes and the concealment of his failures are only the oriental embroidery of the fabric. His relations and subordinates are to Abdur Rahman what he sarcastically describes the English system of party government—a convenient means of throwing on someone else

the responsibility for his own blunders. He poses as a constitutional monarch ruling by the will of his people, an assumption which every chapter of his book belies. His scheme of representative government includes a House of Peers and a House of Commons—all appointed by himself. He claims to have established throughout his dominions complete security for life and property and points gravely to a return of five murders in the year for a whole kingdom, where men still go armed and human life counts for little. He pictures himself at home as a person of amiable simplicity whose constant aim in life is to make those around him happy. All this the informed reader will take for what it is worth. Behind it is clearly visible the stern determination, the unwavering confidence in himself and his destiny, represented by submission to the divine will, the ruthless severity, the high courage, the marvellous energy and resource and the quick grasp of opportunity which have carried him through countless vicissitudes to the throne of Kabul.

Our orthodox diplomatists may be shocked at the Amir's frankness, but they would do well to study closely his exposition of Russian's policy. He speaks with a firm and informed conviction that the conquest of India is the true objective of all her plans. This is the view of a far-sighted and acute politician who perceives that his own interests are identical with ours and desires to join openly in a combination against the common danger. To secure this is the object of his book and for it he speaks with a plainness he would not have ventured to employ when his military organisation was still unfashioned and he dared not risk embroiling himself with Russia even if he were not still wavering about her alliance. He now claims to possess an army and an armament which would entitle him to rank as a first-class military Power. Here there is probably some overstatement but no one can doubt that the combination of England and Afghanistan would make a Russian invasion an absolutely hopeless project. On the other hand he hints very plainly that should he fail to bend the English gods he can move the Russian Acheron. The Peshawar Valley or the whole Panjab are the price Russia is ready to pay for his alliance. Seeing clearly that such partnership could only end in the subjugation of his country he prefers to cast in his lot with ours. The conclusion is irresistible that a strong and friendly Afghanistan is what both countries should combine to establish. To this end he gives much sagacious advice to his countrymen and his successor. Be strong, be united, develop your material resources and your military strength, mistrust everybody and exclude foreigners. From England he demands a formal defensive alliance, an ambassador in London and support in arms and money. He wants full confidence but declines to reciprocate it. He refuses to recognise that England cannot make herself responsible for acts which she is not permitted to control or even to observe. He cannot receive a British envoy at Kabul or British agents in his territories. We are to take his word for everything and trust his good intentions. The Amir wants too much. Our identity of interest is already substantially recognised. But he cannot expect England to place herself unreservedly in the hands of himself and his successors. Abdur Rahman can give no guarantee beyond his own lifetime. Ishaq Khan the most dangerous of the pretenders is waiting his chance in Russia. The Amir's sons may fight among themselves in the old Afghan fashion. Events may conceivably occur upon his death which would require England however unwillingly to occupy the Eastern parts of Afghanistan to prevent their falling into Russian hands. To meet these dangers the Amir has now for the first time clearly declared his present intention that his eldest son Habibulla shall succeed him. But he still declines to make a formal nomination for reasons which influence every Oriental monarch. In this matter Abdur Rahman places his personal safety or his family predilections above the welfare of his country. It is his plain duty formally to nominate and institute his heir with the assent of his chiefs and the concurrence of England. This should be one answer to his demand for concessions which could only be justified if a continuity of his policy were definitely assured.

In its literary aspect the work has a delightful Oriental flavour, abounding in parables and proverbs and quaint phrases. It is pervaded by the grim humour of the man who hung the robber of Lataband like a rag on his own peak. It is not always easy to tell if the Amir is in earnest. For instance, the sarcasm may be unintentional, when he tells us that the Afghans are born warriors and can go on fighting for ever and ever, as long as they can hide themselves behind the stones and do not have to face the enemy in the open field. And yet he has disclaimed all sympathy with the Boers!

THE TARGUMS.

"The Relation of S. Paul to Contemporary Jewish Thought." By H. St. John Thackeray. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

THE examiners for the essay prizes at the Universities are often unfortunate in their choice of subjects. The themes selected are frequently trite or unimportant, excessively wide or unprofitably narrow, and the candidates are denied the opportunity of exercising their abilities upon an adequate and interesting topic. But no such complaint can be made against the examiners for the Kaye prize at Cambridge in 1899. They chose a subject of manageable compass and of present interest, and deserve their share of credit for the result. They have elicited a book to which we can justly give much more than the somewhat dubious praise of being a meritorious prize essay.

It is, indeed, a timely and useful statement of certain facts which are forcing themselves upon the attention of all students of the Bible. A great Apocryphal literature, in part Christian or half-Christian, in part wholly Jewish, has come to light of late years. Much of it had been long in print, but its significance was not recognised till translations recently made from languages so far apart as the Coptic and the Slavonic showed how widely and how early its characteristic thoughts must have been spread abroad. The discovery, for it was nothing less, threw fresh light both upon the New Testament, and especially the Pauline writings, and upon Jewish tradition. But its chief importance was that it furnished the connecting link between the two. Writers of immense learning, such as Schoettgen and the elder Lightfoot, had laboured at the accumulation of coincidences in the Targums and similar writings with the language or thought of the New Testament. But there was always a sense of disappointment; it was obvious that there was no direct connexion between the two literatures, and a doubt hung over every argument that was based upon the resemblance. Now, however, we know that the Jewish official writers were working upon a body of imaginative literature, very impressive in its way, which had sprung up during the centuries immediately before and after Christ. It was the spontaneous expression of the nation's thought; and since the Jews were a profoundly religious race, and deeply attached to their past, these unknown writers employed the transparent fiction of making the patriarchs their mouthpiece. The Book of Enoch, the Assumption of Moses, the Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs, are some of these productions, in which narratives are invented to complete the history of scriptural characters, wild allegorising of the Old Testament is put into their mouths, and they are made the recipients of visions and dreams, full of hope for their own people and of Apocalyptic woes for the rest of mankind. The Scribes found this literature in existence, and cast it, now moderating and now heightening its eccentricities, into a permanent shape in their Targums. Thus the originals lost their interest for the Jews, who accepted the revision as authoritative. But the Christians read them with avidity, especially when they had been interpolated, as could easily be done, with Christian passages. Hence writings composed in Hebrew are now, for the most part, known only in translations, and one or more of them may be found in almost every tongue spoken by the ancient Churches. But when authority grew strong, and Christendom sedate, these writings fell for a second time into neglect, and they have only survived in the literature of remote churches

or in single, and sometimes fragmentary, copies in the recesses of European libraries.

Their importance for us is that they were current among the first Christians, as well as among their Jewish contemporaries, and helped to mould their thought. From one of them S. Jude learned how Michael the Archangel disputed over the body of Moses, from others S. Paul derived much of his lore concerning the powers of the air and the plurality of heavens, and such strange history as that of the rock which followed the Israelites through their wanderings. As time goes on, we shall learn more concerning this debt of the Apostles to Jewish imagination, and of that adoption of Rabbinical methods of argument which, in S. Paul's case, accompanied it. It will not lessen the value of their writings, or the force of their appeal, that we are able to discriminate between the truths of which they were convinced and the arguments or illustrations by which they strove to recommend them to their contemporaries. Their own belief was not based upon their arguments, and the more clearly we know what are their loans from Jewish legend and which of their reasonings are examples of Rabbinical scholasticism, the more clearly will that belief stand out. Dr. Sanday and Mr. Headlam were the first in England to make a full and consistent use of this method in their Commentary on Romans; and Mr. Thackeray has judiciously followed their lead. He has given an excellent account, complete and well arranged, of the evidence at present collected concerning this important matter.

HISTORY AS AGAINST JOURNALISM.

"The History of the Boer War." Volume I. By F. H. E. Cunliffe. London: Methuen. 1901. 15s.

IT is distinct relief to find a history of the war free from the sensationalism and gossip which in almost all cases has been the distinguishing feature of such as have hitherto appeared. It is, of course, too early yet for a deep and authoritative work on the subject to have been thought out and produced. But, on the information which so far we are possessed of, Mr. Cunliffe must be congratulated on scoring a decided success. If one thing above others is more remarkable in the book, it is that the author—almost alone among military writers who are not soldiers—has in no single instance misapplied or misunderstood technical phrases or expressions. This is no easy task, and shows plainly the immense pains—quite apart from the labour entailed in collecting the actual facts and details—which must have been taken to acquire that knowledge and to apply it. Chief among the merits of the work must be counted the judicious and consecutive system by which the various scenes of the first part of the drama have been arranged in their places. It is somewhat unfortunate that in recent years our army should have produced so few writers who have added felicity of expression to technical military knowledge. Mr. Cunliffe in this instance has gone far towards supplying the want; and has given us in good plain English a reliable, if not particularly original, history of the war as we know it at present. But we confess to surprise at meeting split infinitives such as "to thoroughly complete" and "to materially aid." Scattered throughout the pages is a considerable amount of criticism, put forward with a modesty which, in view of recent productions of a like nature, is refreshing. The author has been indefatigable in searching for his data from all conceivable sources, and he has accomplished the difficult task of arranging this mass of facts into a smooth narrative. It is to be regretted that he has thought it necessary—when speaking of the attack on Terrace Hill in the Ladysmith relief operations—to refer to the outrageous letters which appeared in "To-day." Obviously those letters must have been written in a spirit of deep and personal animosity towards the General concerned: and for this reason alone should not have been alluded to in a serious history. The only other fault we find with Mr. Cunliffe's work is the loose description which is occasionally given of regiments. Thus in treating of the Kimberley relief operations, we read of "one and a half companies of mounted infantry belonging to the

Northumberlands and Lancashires." Now as there are in our army North, South and East Lancashire regiments as well as four battalions of Lancashire Fusiliers, this designation is slightly obscure. Such a description would apply equally well to each of the corps we have mentioned. In this connexion, too, one of the excellent illustrations with which the book abounds is labelled "The 1st Lancashire Fusiliers waiting the Order to Advance." That battalion during the war has been quartered in India; thus the picture must refer to the 2nd battalion which, for the past year, has been serving in South Africa. These, however, are but trivial blemishes, which detract little from the value of an interesting work, and in a second edition can easily be removed.

This first volume closes appropriately enough with Sir Redvers Buller's relief of Ladysmith. But in a subsequent volume we are promised an account of what happened in Ladysmith itself. The arguments for and against Sir Redvers Buller's much-discussed change of plan in giving Natal the pride of place in his scheme of campaign are very fairly stated and weighed in the balance. The decision which, on landing at Cape Town, that commander had to make, was one which might well have puzzled the very greatest master of warfare. It was, as Mr. Cunliffe describes it, "the most difficult and momentous question which awaits a General;" and after the explanation which Sir Redvers Buller has since given us of his proceedings, there is much to be said on either side of the question. The original idea of an advance through the Orange Free State was, according to the circumstances then existing, no doubt the proper course to adopt; and we have it on Napoleon's authority that a strategist can hardly perpetrate a grosser blunder than to abandon his main object for the subsidiary exigencies of the situation. However, the circumstances in this particular case were exceptional, and it may be that Sir Redvers Buller was wise in splitting up "the stream of invasion" into three parts. And had matters rested there, we might have escaped disaster. Unfortunately they did not; and—though as yet we do not know how far the generalissimo was directly responsible for Lord Methuen and Sir William Gatacre—the attempt to assume the offensive at all three points simultaneously with inadequate forces must be described as rash and foolhardy. On the other hand, had the original Commander-in-Chief adhered to his first plan, that means of relief might have been tardy, and what in the meantime would have happened in Natal? And what might then have been his position "in a vast and hostile territory" where advance and retirement were equally dangerous? It is too early yet to pronounce definitely on the course he pursued. Possibly further evidence may enable us to do so; but it is only too likely that for all time the point will remain a moot one.

MERCHANT SEAMEN.

"The Men of the Merchant Service." Being the polity of the Mercantile Marine for "Longshore Readers." By Frank T. Bullen. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 7s. 6d.

THIS book appears opportunely at a time when the question of our Mercantile Marine is beginning to excite public interest. People have hitherto failed to realise that British seamen are decreasing in this great national industry and their places being taken by aliens in ever-increasing numbers. The calling does not seem to attract our lads as in former years, and the inducements held out to join it are not sufficient. This is the difficulty we experienced with the Royal Navy fifty years ago, and it was only removed by improving the conditions of service so that boys in greater numbers than are required, and of an excellent class, now come forward for this career. But from all time the Navy has looked to the Mercantile Marine for a reserve of seamen when war necessitates an expansion of our fleet, and hence its efficiency for this purpose is almost as important to the State as an adequate number of warships.

Hitherto governments have looked to the shipowners to grapple with the question, while the latter are

satisfied with foreign seamen and do not see why they should pay more to have the work done by their own countrymen. As Mr. Bullen says the question to them is: "How in the face of the fierce and unscrupulous competition against which I have to fight, can I get my ships efficiently manned?" They leave shipping the crew to their captains, and if the latter find foreign seamen more tractable, sober and industrious than British, we may lament the fact but cannot blame the choice. But there is a very important "if" here, and the fact has to be proved. In this book by one who has been through all the grades of the Merchant Service we have an excellent account of the life and duties of each. It is a veritable guide for those who want to know the advantages and disadvantages of this profession.

There seems no lack of candidates for officers, nor means of keeping up the supply. As regards seamen the difficulty appears to be that in steamships grown men only are required, so that boys have a difficulty in finding berths afloat. If after finishing their schooling they could go to training ships for a couple of years, their services would then be valuable, and doubtless acceptable in any class of ship. Such might be considered technical education, provided partly from State and partly from local resources. In some such direction alone does it seem feasible to resuscitate an industry which has so materially contributed to the prosperity of the Empire.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

"Alexander the Great." By Benjamin Ide Wheeler. London: Putnam's. 1900. 5s.

GREAT men of history are described by a German philosopher as they "whose own particular aims involve those large issues which are the will of the World-Spirit." In other words they are such as, in gratifying their own passions and interests, have the good fortune to satisfy at the same time the wants of their age. What they will and accomplish falls in with the universal need. What is supremely desirable and necessary for them, is just that for which the world is unconsciously longing, that which it must have. They put the final touch to the development of a period, and with them history enters upon a new epoch.

Often, indeed,—perhaps always—these great men know not what they do. The heroes of history are no amiable philanthropists wholly and consciously devoted to the service of the race. Nor are they Olympian deities remotely shaping the world in conformity with their deep purposes. On the contrary they are peculiarly human—men enthralled by a personal passion and a personal aim. In a sense they are eminently selfish. They are utterly absorbed in the pursuit of One Object, the attainment of which, as they believe, will bring them satisfaction. How fully this attainment shall respond to the craving of mankind they neither know nor care. The momentous results latent in their actions are not included in their designs. But in their case kindly Circumstance so orders that what they will the age shall will also, and that the goal which they reach shall be that to which mankind is straining. And so they become heroes. An engrossing passion favoured by circumstance lends them greatness. They light a fire to warm themselves, and the world is ablaze.

If illustration of such truth were needed none better could be found than the life of Alexander the Great. "From boyhood on" writes his latest biographer, "nothing is more characteristic of Alexander than his restless passion for reshaping and subduing." This was not a mere vulgar desire for conquest and the conqueror's fame. It was rather "the supreme passion for bringing his environment under the control of his personality." Everyone knows the pleasant story that Plutarch tells, of how young Alexander tamed the steed Bucephalus. The whole of our hero's short life is but a repetition upon a larger stage of his early action. The treacherous Thebans, the slim Athenians, the contemptuous Persians, the Scythians and the tribes of India all fared as did Bucephalus. Alexander tamed them to his will. He tamed everything, including his own appetites. He regarded his body merely as a part

of his environment, to be subdued like all things else, and made but the expression of what Holm calls "the most brilliant personality that the Greek people ever produced."

Alexander, then, had his grand passion, but that alone could not have made him great. In other times and in other circumstances he might have lived a peaceful life, a leader no doubt in a private circle, but without influence on the world's history. It was fortune or destiny that brought him into prominence. He was born just at the right time. Old Greece was worn out. It was weak and little, and it was becoming conscious of its littleness. It had developed wonderful institutions, but they were withering away for want of air and room. The life and culture of the city-state was sinking into insignificance; for the city-state had ceased to represent the facts. And though we still find some who clung desperately to the old order—notably that "master of sentimental politics," Demosthenes,—yet, for all their efforts, the old order was passing irretrievably. Greece, as an aggregate of small, independent cantons, had done her work. She had, indeed, achieved much. "It was Greece" says Mr. Wheeler "that shaped the law of beauty from which came the arts of form, the law of speculative truth from which by ordered observations came the sciences, and the law of liberty from which came the democratic state." But the time was ripe for a new development. Greek civilisation needed now to be taken out of the old narrow limits into the greater world. It called for expansion, diffusion. "Hellenism for Hellenic States" was a good enough motto for the past. Hellenism as the stamp and hall-mark of universal civilisation could alone be the watchword of the future. It was a crisis in history, and it seemed for a moment as if the torch of Greece were flickering out. But the situation was then, as it ever is, redeemed by the exertions of the hero of the period. There was found a man, himself the living embodiment of the Hellenic spirit, who was yet resolute in snapping the bonds which confined it, and who, by introducing it into fresh relations and conditions, laid the basis of that European civilisation which we see to-day.

Alexander never fully realised the meaning of the task he undertook. He started forth to conquer Asia with the light-hearted enthusiasm of a boy of twenty-two. His ambition was perfectly simple. He had set his heart on making himself known and feared in that other world beyond the Ægean. His was to be the last, crushing retort of the long dialogue between East and West, in which Homeric chieftains and King Xerxes and the noble Ten Thousand had all had their say. As a second Achilles he would complete the work which the first had left unfinished. As leader of the Greeks he would once for all establish Greek prestige abroad, and vindicate for ever the light of Greek culture against the oppressive pomp of "the barbarian." Such were Alexander's earlier dreams. But his ideas, like those of all great men, enlarged with time. Scarce four years had passed, and "there arose already before his mind the vision of a world-empire united in the person of one who was neither Greek, nor Egyptian, nor Assyrian, nor Persian, but a world man, above the limitations of nation and blood, above the conventions of usage and religion." Alexander became a cosmopolite. It was no longer sufficient for him to be protagonist of Greece. He desired to become master of the whole known world, and lord of all the nations it contained. But it cannot truly be said that his ideal went further than this. Mr. Wheeler and others would, indeed, persuade us that the one dominant purpose and ultimate object of his achievements was the establishment of a common understanding and co-operation between the two great sections of humanity in East and West. But such a belief is scarcely borne out by a critical study of the hero's life. Alexander did certainly level barriers, but it was not from any disinterested motive or conscious desire to help humanity at large. He cared little for what could not, or did not affect him personally. Though he became less a Greek he was more than ever Alexander, more than ever given up to the prosecution of his main purpose of moulding and fashioning everything according to his own will and pleasure. The strong man was throughout consistent

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with himself. His ambitions enlarged but they were never changed, and his master-passion still remains the key to all his actions. Alexander, in short, lived to himself and died to himself: but when he was dead mankind became his heir.

A word must be said on Alexander's private character. We have no sympathy with those "psychological valets" who can see only weaknesses in their heroes. The railing of a Thersites is as hateful as it is ridiculous. Nevertheless, while avoiding the charge of Thersitism, we need not blind ourselves to obvious defects. Alexander was a noble man, but he was by no means an unblemished saint. The murders of Clitus and Parmenion, and the mutilation of Bessus are deplorable facts, for which even Mr. Wheeler finds it difficult to apologise. His frequent carousals, again, though usual in his age, afford a most unedifying spectacle. His personal recklessness—in the assault of the Mallians' citadel, for example—was in a general unpardonable. Nor can we admit that his gentle treatment of the wife and daughters of the Shah was wholly due to his natural generosity, any more than that the absurdities of his Persian state were assumed entirely for diplomatic reasons. On these questions Mr. Wheeler seems to have erred a little on the side of partiality. But after all, from the point of view of history, the private virtues or vices of the great matter little. They are extraordinary men, and must not be judged merely by ordinary standards. They have a mission to perform, and if in their performance thereof some other things are left undone and some are done amiss, it is not for the mere critic to call them to account.

Those whom the gods love die young. It is false to say that Alexander's end was untimely. Has any great man ever died before his work was done? Many have died expressly that their work may live. All that was essential in Alexander's task was completed when the fever struck him down in Babylon. So it was also when the assassins found Cæsar at Rome, or when Napoleon was transported to St. Helena. The lot of the hero is not, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, a happy one. He toils all day until the evening, and, when that comes, he is carelessly flung aside and the fruit of his labour goes to others. Such is the ingratitude of History.

There are many controverted questions connected with Alexander's career, and, for the most part, his biographer has not shirked them. We cannot agree with all Mr. Wheeler's conclusions, but it may be admitted that he tries to state his case fairly and to present us with a true picture of the royal Macedonian. Still the author's admiration for his subject occasionally carries him away, and betrays him into statements which require a deal of qualification. Had Mr. Wheeler imitated the scrupulous care which Plato is said to have expended on the opening chapter of the "Republic," he would hardly have allowed his own first sentence to have remained unmodified. "No single personality, excepting the carpenter's son of Nazareth, has done so much to make the world of civilisation we live in what it is as Alexander of Macedon." Such an assertion is far too sweeping, and, if taken "au pied de la lettre" is untrue. Again the early portion of the book is too much spun out. No less than four chapters are devoted to matter which falls outside the period; and much even of the rest might have been condensed or omitted. On the other hand it is to be regretted that there is no sufficient treatment of the Alexander-myth—that strange imaginative history of heroic exploit which, originating in Egypt, spread throughout the civilised world, and still meets us in the legends of the Middle Ages. Nor are certain disputed matters—e.g. the adoption of Oriental manners by the Greek—as fully discussed as they might have been. Among the strong points in the book are the passages dealing with Alexander's generalship.

We add one further criticism. Mr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler is the president of the University of California. It is therefore natural that he should give Greek money in terms of dollars, and illustrate Greek measurements by American distances. But a sentence like the following is, to an Englishman at any rate, somewhat staggering: "He (i.e. the Greek mercenary) was looked upon by his townsfolk much as a ball-player nowadays would

be who should forsake his native Binghampton or Elmira to accept a position on the New York or Cincinnati nine." And a really serious protest must be raised against the employment of slang newspaper phrases in a work of serious literature. To designate Greek political leaders as "bosses," or the secret police service as "spotters" is offensive: the expression "a modern New Yorker" is detestable. Such defects however may be corrected in a later edition. But the last word yet remains to be said.

NOVELS.

"Pharaoh's Daughter, and other Stories." By William Waldorf Astor. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Astor seems to have heard a story about Pharaoh's daughter which, as Herodotus would have said, we know but it is not lawful for us to relate. On such opportunities, however, the literary artist battens: Mr. Astor has turned it into literature. Having successfully improved upon Exodus, he transferred his attention to Shakespeare; he continues the "Merchant of Venice" and "Othello," with such startling success that their own father would not know them. Evidence of classical culture is afforded by "Monsieur de Néron," a story of reincarnation which incidentally gives the writer the opportunity of making characters say "Après tout" when they mean "After all." Here we see the advantages of a knowledge of modern languages. But Mr. Astor is not at home on the Continent alone: Cliveden inspires his pen, and here are three local romances supposed to be written by a seventeenth-century steward whose diction it would be flattery to describe as Wardour Street English. On the other hand, a sketch called "The Red Dwarf of Rabenstein" has some merit. All the stories are harmless, but they somehow suggest that, but for the Puritan traditions of New England, their writer would fain have plunged into the roses and rapture of Southern romance. What stories Théophile Gautier might have made of some of these themes! Last comes an essay on Madame Récamier, in which Mr. Astor develops an unpleasant conjecture as to the secret of her life with precisely the amount of delicacy that we should expect.

"A Scholar of his College." By W. E. Collins. London: Blackwood. 1900. 6s.

To read "A Scholar of his College" is, in a sense, to be wafted back to the atmosphere that nourished Frank Fairleigh and his peers. Mr. Collins is of course no mere imitator of Smedley: his young men are quite up to date. But he writes of a world wherein the blustering bargee swiftly finds retribution at the hands of a muscular Christian, and wherein the graver problems of life are solved by a debauch of unselfishness on the part of the leading characters. We live in a world where the champion of virtue is not always strong enough to floor the brute, and a man is not ready to resign his bride to a friend with a smiling face and aching heart. For all that, Mr. Collins' characters are good company, and the life they live is in the main the life of the men one meets at country houses and their womankind; whereas your ordinary novelist does his best to prove that he has never spoken to a gentlewoman and never understood the ways of the average cheerful young man in the Army or at the Bar. Moreover Mr. Collins knows his Oxford, though he does seem to fancy that classical honour Mods fall in the summer term. His undergraduates are lifelike, and his common-room scenes possible. These be qualities that outweigh a good many faults in construction, undue use of coincidence, and other tricks. We should recommend the book to anyone suffering from a surfeit of Maeterlinck.

"Winefred: a Story of the Chalk Cliffs." By S. Baring-Gould. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Baring-Gould has been credited with the enterprise of peopling every county of England with the children of his pen. "Winefred" describes the cliffs where Devon marches with Dorset, and, except for a brief flight to shabby-genteel society in Bath, the manners of the smuggling folk. Once again rises

the reflection that it is a pity Mr. Baring-Gould is in such a frantic hurry with his novels, for there are stirring incidents in this book. Winefred's mother is a very striking character, and her father is admirably though slightly sketched. The love-interest begins, as is usual in this author's romances, with a hearty dislike between the young people. And they are more interesting when they hate than when they love.

"The Conquest of Plassans." By Emile Zola. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 3s. 6d.

The propriety of translating M. Zola is open to grave doubt. Educated people can read him in the original and the uneducated had better not read him at all. Moreover, the art of translation is a very high one, requiring literary gifts not often to be bought by the poor guerdon which is the translator's portion. If a distinguished man of letters sacrificed his originality so far as to translate a foreign author, he would deserve applause: Voltaire interpreted by Disraeli, for instance, would have been sublime. But Zola should not be done into broken English by a hack-writer. The attempt only serves to accentuate Zola's many shortcomings,—his deplorable lack of humour, his pettiness, his narrowness. A *traduttore* may have the best intentions and yet prove *traditore* after all.

THEOLOGY.

"The Christian Prophets and the Prophetic Apocalypse." By E. C. Selwyn. London: Macmillan. 1900. 6s. net.

"The Ascension of Isaiah." Edited by R. H. Charles. London: Black. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

"The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer." By C. W. Stubbs, Dean of Ely. London: Gardner, Darton. 1900. 1s. 6d.

It was remarked some years ago of a German theologian that he had "prophets on the brain," and Dr. Selwyn almost lays himself open to the same charge; he finds them lurking in nearly every chapter of the New Testament. There is certainly no doubt that they formed an important section of the ministry in the apostolic and sub-apostolic times; the discovery of their position in the *Didaché* gave a new meaning to many a text in the Pauline Epistles; and the large amount of Jewish and early Christian apocryphal and apocalyptic literature that has been brought to light in the last thirty years has shown us that the Revelation, the Second Epistle of S. Peter, and the Epistle of S. Jude were by no means isolated phenomena in their day; they are specimens of quite a large class. Apostles and prophets belonged to the inspired, supernaturally called, temporary, orders of the ministry; bishops, or presbyters, and deacons to orders of a different kind, permanent, chosen and ordained of men and by man, though after prayer to God. Gradually these latter succeeded to the privileges and position of the Apostles and prophets, whose places, as their occupants grew old or died, could not be filled by equally-inspired new members. Montanism was an irregular and wild attempt to continue or to revive Christian prophecy; it only succeeded in making it heretical and in strengthening the counter-action of Episcopal organisation.

Dr. Selwyn's early chapters are an essay on this theme; he has collected and commented on the literature bearing on the subject in a learned but rather rambling way. But the greater part of his book is taken up with the "prophetic" authorship of the Apocalypse and with urging that it and the Fourth Gospel cannot come from the same hand. The Gospel itself comes, it seems, not from S. John but from his disciples; and (p. 244) the words of the Muratorian fragment "*Quantum Evangeliorum Johannis ex discipulis*" are to be translated "The Fourth of the Gospels. It proceeds from the disciples of John." A very little experience of Latin Biblical MSS. would have preserved our author from such a mistake; "*Johannis*" is almost as common as "*Johannes*" for the nominative case: while "*Johannes ex discipulis (Dei)*" is most certainly the beginning of an introduction or "præfatio" to the Gospel; the longer form "*Johannes evangelista, unus ex discipulis Dei*" begins the "præfatio" in most Latin Bibles. Still, Dr. Selwyn has marshalled the arguments from language, style, and theology very strongly against the unity of authorship, though we think he occasionally overstates his case; while a jerky and involved style and bad arrangement of his material makes his book anything but easy reading.

Meanwhile Dr. Charles has added to our knowledge of these strange apocalyptic compositions by presenting us with a convenient and scholarly edition of "The Ascension of Isaiah." The work has been published before, but this edition is far fuller than any that have yet appeared; the Ethiopic MSS. have been collated and the text edited anew; and full account has been taken of the Greek text and the Latin and Slavonic versions. And all this is conveniently arranged; the ordinary student finds first the English translation of the whole work

with quite adequate notes; while if he wishes to study more deeply he can go on to the Ethiopic text and the various versions, which are printed in parallel columns at the end of the book.

One of the most interesting features of these apocalyptic utterances is their constant prophecy of the advent of some great "man of sin" who is to be destroyed before the establishment of the Messianic kingdom: he is known by various names, Antichrist, the dragon, Beliar, &c. In the "Ascension" he is Beliar, and runs the usual course of such characters. In Isaiah's time, we are told, he was the cause of many abandoning the true faith in Judah and Jerusalem, and he sorely persecuted the righteous: he is again to descend on the earth in likeness of a man, a lawless king, the slayer of his mother: he will show signs and wonders, but ultimately be vanquished by the Lord and thrust into Gehenna with his armies. The historical occasions for such prophecies may well have been furnished by Antiochus Epiphanes, Pompey, and most of all Nero; but the prophecies sometimes appear too large for the events and for the persons who are said to have caused them. The older apologists used to say that nothing proved the inspiration of the Canonical Gospels like the apocryphal narratives, and we think this is true of the Apocalypses. We have waded through a fair amount of this apocryphal literature and the difference between it and the New Testament is the difference between dross and gold.

It is probable enough that different people have at all times found different meanings in the simple petitions of the Lord's Prayer. The Dean of Ely finds in them the creed of the Christian Socialist; thus, for example, the petition "Give us this day our daily bread" is discovered to teach "that no wealth is legitimately earned which is not an exchange value for actual services rendered, services which minister to life and help on the common good;" and "that no industrial system

(Continued on page 120.)

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can be a Christian system until it is so organised that every honest and willing worker can find work, and work so remunerative that not only can he maintain his own working powers in health and efficiency, but also is able to give to his children a decent, a joyous, and a reasonable life according to the standard of comfort of his class." This is certainly a good deal to read into the words; by the same method of interpretation we hoped that some one of the other petitions might be made to teach "that that man is no Christian who marries so recklessly or so improvidently that there is no likelihood of his being able to give to his children a decent, a joyous, and a reasonable life" &c. &c.; but that side of the question Dr. Stubbs does not touch. Still, the sermons are a vigorous appeal for the carrying of our Christian principles into the details of social and commercial life; and though we think they would be more effective were they written with more calmness and less temper, they will doubtless do good if only the right people will read them.

SOME OF THE QUARTERLIES.

As a rule the quarterly reviews are interesting not only individually but from the opportunity they afford for discussing points of comparison and contrast in their treatment of similar topics. On this occasion except for the necessary South African contribution, they have nothing in common in their contents lists. The "Edinburgh," while criticising some of the measures taken by Lord Roberts with a view to end the war, does not believe that the continuation of hostilities has been due to "any supposed harshness of treatment that has hitherto been awarded to the conquered, or to any lack of leniency in the terms offered to our foes. . . . The Boers in arms have not yet surrendered, because they are not yet convinced that they have been conquered." With regard to the future the writer can only agree with Mr. Chamberlain's speech on the subject, but is far from sanguine as to the possibility of establishing harmonious relations between Dutch and English in South Africa. Equally sceptical is another writer as to the wisdom of extending the land-purchase system in Ireland on lines suggested by Mr. T. W. Russell. The grounds on which Mr. Russell formally rested his policy are declared to be grossly insufficient to sustain proposals of such magnitude. The reviewer however qualifies his criticisms by the admission that the success of existing Acts and the discontent occasioned by that success among those who do not share the benefits they confer are undoubtedly a consideration of immense weight. "Recent Appreciations of Oliver Cromwell" enable the "Edinburgh" to show Cromwell in his true proportions, neither the saintly hero of Carlyle nor the bigoted adventurer of Sir Reginald Palgrave. Mr. John Morley's presentment of the characters of Strafford and Laud is "evidence that history is becoming judicial in its treatment even of the most bitterly contentious periods of our national life." The causes of the American Civil War are discussed with the object of showing that "though slavery was the root and cause of the war, the immediate issue did not turn directly on slavery. The South took its stand on the right which, it alleged, each State possessed to withdraw from the Union. The North rested its case on the paramount necessity of maintaining the Union. And it was this issue which affected the decisions of men on either side in the terrible struggle which was beginning." "The Early History of Foxhunting," "The Correspondence of Cicero," and "Landscape: Symbolic, Imaginative and Actual," will appeal to the sportsman, the scholar and the artist. The two papers which will attract the majority of readers are those on (1) Sophia Dorothea and her relations with Count Philip Christopher von Königsmarck and (2) Madame du Defand and her friends, especially Horace Walpole. The latter is by far the best article in the Review. It conveys an excellent idea of Parisian society in the eighteenth century and deftly portrays the character of the extraordinary woman who is said to have earned the right to be called the feminine Voltaire. Her Salon, a small parlour, was the rendezvous of wit and intellect. At the time that Walpole first met her she was sixty-eight and blind, but Walpole who was twenty years her junior was fascinated and there began "an intimacy which has become historical, and has linked together for ever two personalities, differing both in nationality and in character."

In the "Asiatic Quarterly" Sir William Wedderburn urges that the question of agricultural banks for India should be taken up anew in a practical spirit. Mr. G. B. Barton and Sir W. H. Rattigan writing on crime in England and in India explain the advance made in humanity of punishment since the eighteenth century. Sir W. H. Rattigan says what he does not mean in the following sentence: "The only fear now is that future legislation may not carry this humanitarian spirit too far by placing the criminal in a position of far greater comfort than the blameless poor."

The "Quarterly Review" is a strong number. There is a good article on the first century of the East India Company which opens with a discriminating eulogy of the late Sir William Hunter. "Virgil and Tennyson" is a study written to point the strange parallel which the critic finds between the careers of the two poets. As in all such parallels, the writer

at times strains the resemblance to breaking point, till we are almost driven to recall the famous case of Henry of Monmouth and Alexander the Great. The real parallel, which is an extraordinary one, is hardly noticed; that of style and literary feeling. In one line of Tennyson,

"The long light shakes across the lake,"

there are more Vergilian qualities than in all the points as to Tennyson the writer collects put together. The appreciation of "Michelet as an Historian" is the tribute of an admirer by no means indiscriminate. He is right in saying that the early volumes of the famous "Histoire de France" are the valuable ones. Michelet's mannerisms grew as he wrote no less than his prejudices but there are passages in the later books which for substantial truth and splendour would be hard to beat. The article on the "Nicaragua Canal" is a most luminous contribution to a controversy which has excited little attention here. The writer comes to the same opinion as that entertained by an American jurist in the December number of the "North American Review," that if the United States were sufficiently far-seeing to consult their best interests, they would consent to the neutralisation of the Canal under the guarantee of the Great Powers. As things stand at present, he indicates one only wise course for our Government. To throw over Europe and follow the United States would be fatuous. We should consult the foreign Powers interested. We have always pointed out in the SATURDAY REVIEW the grave mistake made by the United States in contemptuously ignoring their claim to be heard. If the other Powers join with us in opposing the American proposals, the United States can hardly oppose united Europe. If the Powers refuse, we can then wash our hands of the whole business, and allow the Senate to "do its darndest" with the Treaties. Our original rights would then revive and we should act in the future as our interests dictate. This is common sense and strong statesmanship, but the American record of this Government gives us little hope that it will take the strong course.

For This Week's Books see page 122.

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BALANCE-SHEET. December 31st, 1900.

Dr.	LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	Cr.		
To Capital Paid up, viz.: £12 10s. per Share on 201,858 Shares of £60 each	£2,523,225	0	0			
Reserve Fund	2,523,225	0	0			
Dividend payable on February 1, 1901, being at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum	230,706	7	6			
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	275,964	1	3			
	<hr/>					
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	5,562,120	8	9			
Acceptances on account of Customers	37,844,048	18	10			
	1,920,466	0	9			
	<hr/>					
	£45,327,475	8	4			
			By Cash in hand and at Bank of England ..	£5,562,120	8	10
			Money at Call and at Short Notice	5,057,997	19	4
				<hr/>		
				£13,054,214	0	14
			Investments—			
			Consols and other British Government Securities	1,724,900	12	0
			Stocks Guaranteed by the British Government, Indian Railway Guaranteed Stocks and Debentures	1,400,588	19	11
			British Railway Debenture and Preference Stocks, British Corporation Stocks	1,866,553	19	0
			Colonial and Foreign Government Stocks and Bonds	415,713	1	9
			Other Investments	100,832	15	8
				<hr/>		
			Bills of Exchange	5,568,580	8	4
				4,118,627	1	7
				<hr/>		
				22,741,430	10	11
			Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security and other Accounts	19,773,976	10	4
			Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances as per contra	1,920,466	0	9
			Bank Premises, at Head Office and Branches	891,663	7	2
				<hr/>		
				£45,327,475	8	4

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